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VOGUE

FASHION AT A PRICE YOU CAN ENJOY...
NEW NIGHT LOOKS TO WEAR NOW NOW NOW

YOUR VOICE
WHAT IT TELLS ABOUT YOU

"THE WAY I LOOK IS SPECTACULAR"
BY RUTH GORDON

THE NEWEST WAYS TO WEAR YOUR HAIR



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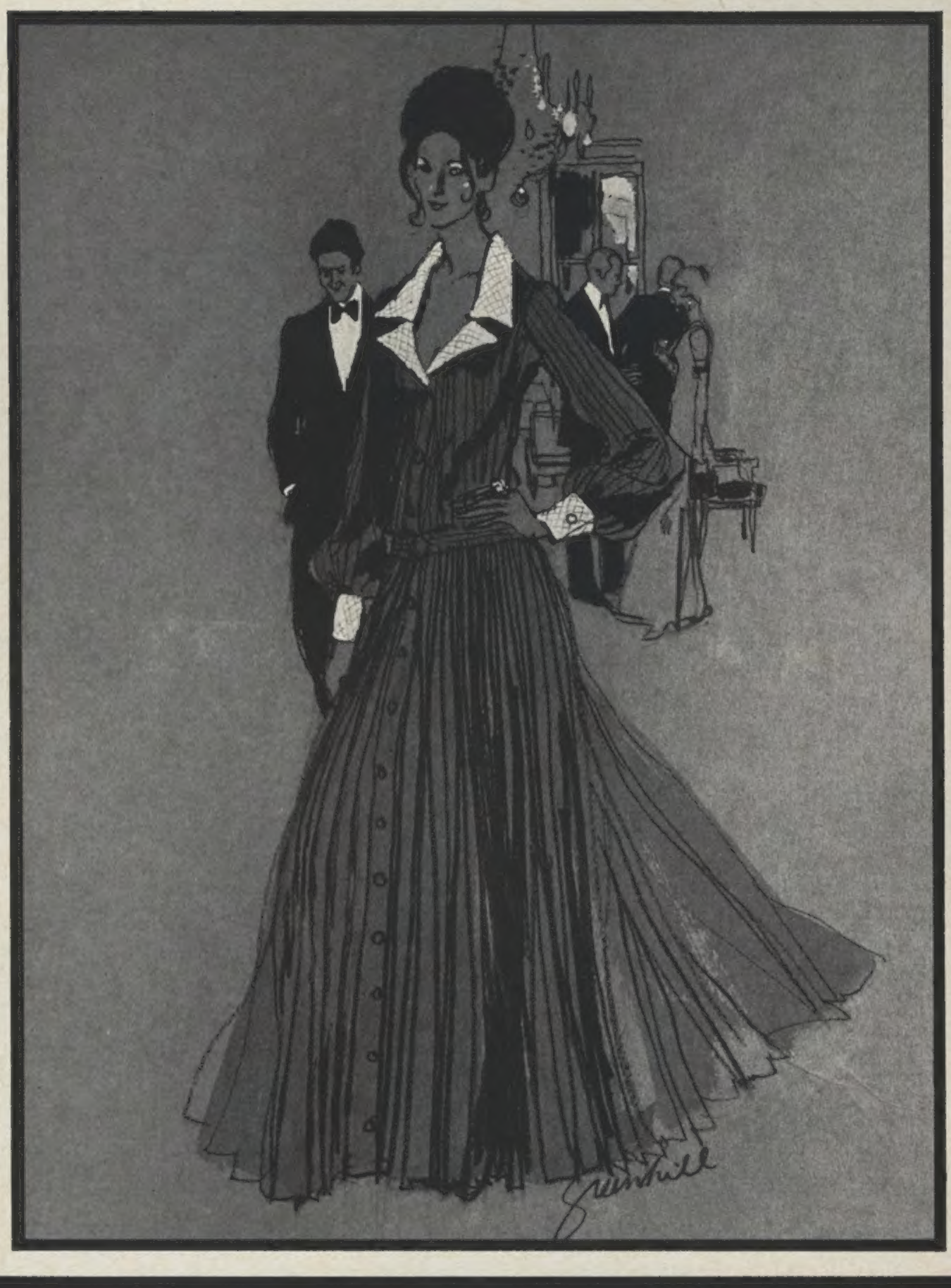
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NOVEMBER 1, 1969

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PENN

COVER: Newest night look, looking spectacular now—a marvellous face-framing collar of fox, half white, half black, and horseshoeing round the top of Dior's short, narrow black wool coat with pockets patched as low as they can go.... Face hitting the high spots night or day draws its well-being from Bonne Bell with a Frosty Blush to the cheek, a gold-frosted sparkle to the eye, and a double gleam to the mouth. Roving Eyes Taffy shadow—with Coco on the eyebone—and Copper Canyon lipstick with Lip Gloss do the shining. More of Bonne Bell's health-to-glow plans, page 86. Snipped, feathered cap of a coiffure: Carita.

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BLACKGLAMA®
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and designed by
master furrier, Chombert of Paris.


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Opening now: the greatest show of eyes on earth.

'Ultima' II presents

'Eyecouture 70'

Tomorrow tints. Tomorrow textures. A total change in eye makeup. For today's new soft-focus eyes. Wide-open. Space-ier. *All-of-a-colormood.*

Here and now, from 'Ultima' II: The first complete collection of 'color-harmonic' eye makeups—never-before tints and textures in mascaras, liners, shadows, *everything*. Inspired by 'Ultima' II's newest fashion concept: *designer-liners and lash makeup to match!*

The colors (in both mascara and eyeliner) are innovational. *Eyecouture colors.* (No off-the-rack blacks or ready-to-wear browns.) Think of burgundy lashes. Or deep-velvet green. Or dusky plum. Or smoke-filled blue. *All matched to the same chic shade in liner!* Suddenly eyes look clear, soft, saucer-sized. Without a hard line anywhere to hem them in.

To complete this *all-of-a-colormood*... 'Ultima' II designs a wardrobe of harmonized *eyeshadows,* too. Orchidaceous plums. Peaches. Lemonlimes. A freshet of greens. Not a conventional color in sight.

'EYECOUTURE 70' is the first sweeping change in eye makeup in 20 years. Who but 'Ultima' II (the *couturier* of eyemakeup) could possibly have envisioned it?

The Eyecouture Mascaras:

Lash Makeup Cake or Lash Makeup Automatic. (Actually *curls* and lengthens as it colors.) Carbon Blue.
Sable Plum. Burgundy. Wintergreen.

The Eyecouture Liners:

Two Eyeliner Cakes per compact. One to match your mascara. One in a lighter harmonized shade. Pair them for fascinating effects. (The lighter shade *under* the eye?) Or wear them solo.
Carbon Blue/Copen Blue.
Sable Plum/Damson Plum.
Burgundy/Claret.
Wintergreen/Watercress.

The Eyecouture Shadows:

Two powdercreme shadows per compact. A medium tone for lids, a lighter shade for highlighting. Pair them. Or wear them singly.
Blue Smoke/Blue Fog.
Grey Slate/Cloud Grey.
Melba Peach/Crystal Peach.
Twilight Taupe/Heather Beige.
Plumrose/Orchidaceous.
Blue Violet/Heather Lilac.
Moss/Celery. Lemonlime/Canary.

'Ultima' II

The first collection of 'Couture Cosmetics' and SkinCare Concentrates. Created by Charles Revson of Revlon.


NARDIS
OF DALLAS
moves in!

Should your skin drink before lunch? *Yes.*
At bedtime? *By all means.* The liquid diet:
'Moon Drops' 24-hour moisture-makers
for dry skin. One for day. One for night.

For nighttime:

'Moon Drops' Moisture Balm: A silky, colorless lotion that *super-wets* your thirsty skin, all through the night. So light it sinks in completely, leaving no greasy film on top. Your skin wakes up looking rested, relaxed, replenished—and feeling deliciously young and moist and springy to the touch.

For daytime:

'Moon Drops' Under Makeup Moisture Film: A tinted, flowing cream that pours in moisture. Smooths, readies your skin for makeup. Corrects 'off-color' skintone, too. 4 shades: *Teal* to unruddy reddish skin. *Rosetta* to peach up sallowness. *Pinkbud* to brighten drabness. *Natural*, for a bloom of moisture only.

'Moon Drops'
Moisture-Makers
by Revlon

the
24-hour
liquid diet
for skin

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Revlon sees it. Before the fall. And after.

The youngcolor mouth. Spilling over with frost. Not cold,
hard-core 'silver-plated' frost. But warm, sexy, mouth-colored frost.
With a velvety under-ground of color coming through.
We found a never-before way to whip light-but-luscious color into rich,
creamy, flesh-tinted frost—till they meltingly merged as one.





FLESH PEACH.
FLESH PINK.
FLESH APRICOT.
and
FLESH. A little gloss of 'nothingfrost'.
(To slick over the others. Or go it alone.)

The sweet, suggestive mouth.

The Fleshcolored Frostlings. Four cool-feeling, yummy-on-the-mouth liptints. Gorgeous. Very girly. And frankly fleshpot. (*Fleshpot?*) Why not.

The 'FLESHCOLORED FROSTLINGS' by REVLON

A new face is born in America

Once in a great while a single cosmetic comes along that changes a woman's beautiful skin potential, forever. And it has happened. I call it Inner Lights.

An extraordinary clear-tinted gel is now merged with perfect moisture-blend coverage achieving for the first time a gentle flush so translucent you see only the look of perfect skin. And radiance.

The particular genius of this cosmetic—an all but weightless coverage—seems not to be applied, but to softly radiate from under the skin itself. Leaving only a warm honeyed shine of freshened light. Or a gentle sleep-wakened flush. Or a fresh-air stirred, amber glow. Or a wealthy gilding of golden copper.

Inner Lights. America's first new approach to unmakeup. Four flows of color. Each 5.00



INNER LIGHTS
Polly Bergen

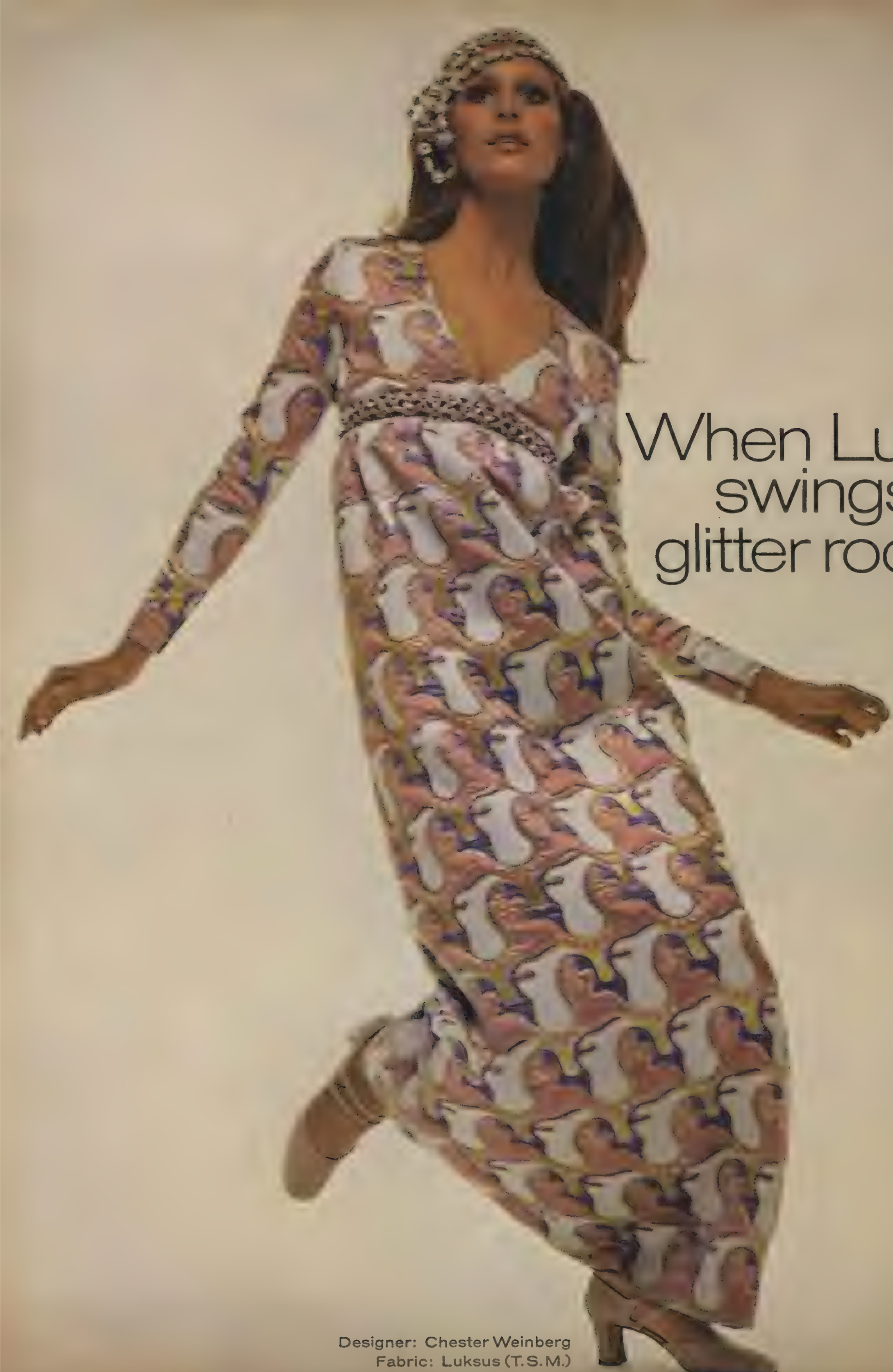
©The Polly Bergen Co. 1969 The Year of The Turtle.

When Lurex® swings, glitter rocks.



Designer: Galanos
Fabric: Staron

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Designer: Oscar de La Renta
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Designer: Geoffrey Beene
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All these limelight fashions in fabrics with
Lurex® metallic yarn
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The provocative leg.



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And when you've gone to this much trouble
to prove the point, the last thing you need are
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one of the most seductive things about a woman.
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In not-so-basic black, of course.
You need pantyhose made of a nylon
that fit so well there's never even a hint
of anything ugly, like a bag or a wrinkle.
You need Actionwear® pantyhose.
(Or stockings, if you'd rather).
To let what you're all about come through.

actionwear by **Monsanto**

actionwear®

To go with the rest of you.



they do a lot more than fit.

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Adele Simpson. Little lady with big ideas.

Not only fashion, but now a fabulous fragrance.



Polaroid portrait by Marie Cosindas commissioned by Helena Rubinstein, Inc., 1969. Fashions by Lucie Ann. © 1969 Helena Rubinstein, Inc.

Someone finally realized
that beautiful evenings begin
in the late afternoon.

Helena Rubinstein knows
that every woman needs at least one hour
between the day's shopping, committeeing,
careering and the evening's adventure.
An hour to rest, refresh, restore.
We have chosen a small group of our famous
Herbessence® treatment preparations for you to use
at this important time. The unique combination, with
natural herbs, is so effective an hour is all
you need. We call this delicious 60 minutes
"Herbessence in the Afternoon."

1. Begin by removing every last drop of daytime makeup
with Herbessence Cream Cleanser.

2. Next a relaxing bath—followed with
Herbessence Body Smooth—to soften and
smooth every inch of you.

3. Apply Herbessence Skin Life Mask
all over your face and throat for tightening and firming
lightly, visibly.

4. Lie down while this marvelous mask does its magic—
and cover your eyelids with Herbessence Eye Pads.
Cool, refreshing. Helps whisk away
puffiness and tired lines.

5. Complete your treatment with
Herbessence Skin Freshener—to
tingle your skin alive.

Before you light the lamps, mix the drinks, kiss him
hello—spend an hour with Herbessence. It could be the
most important thing you do all day.

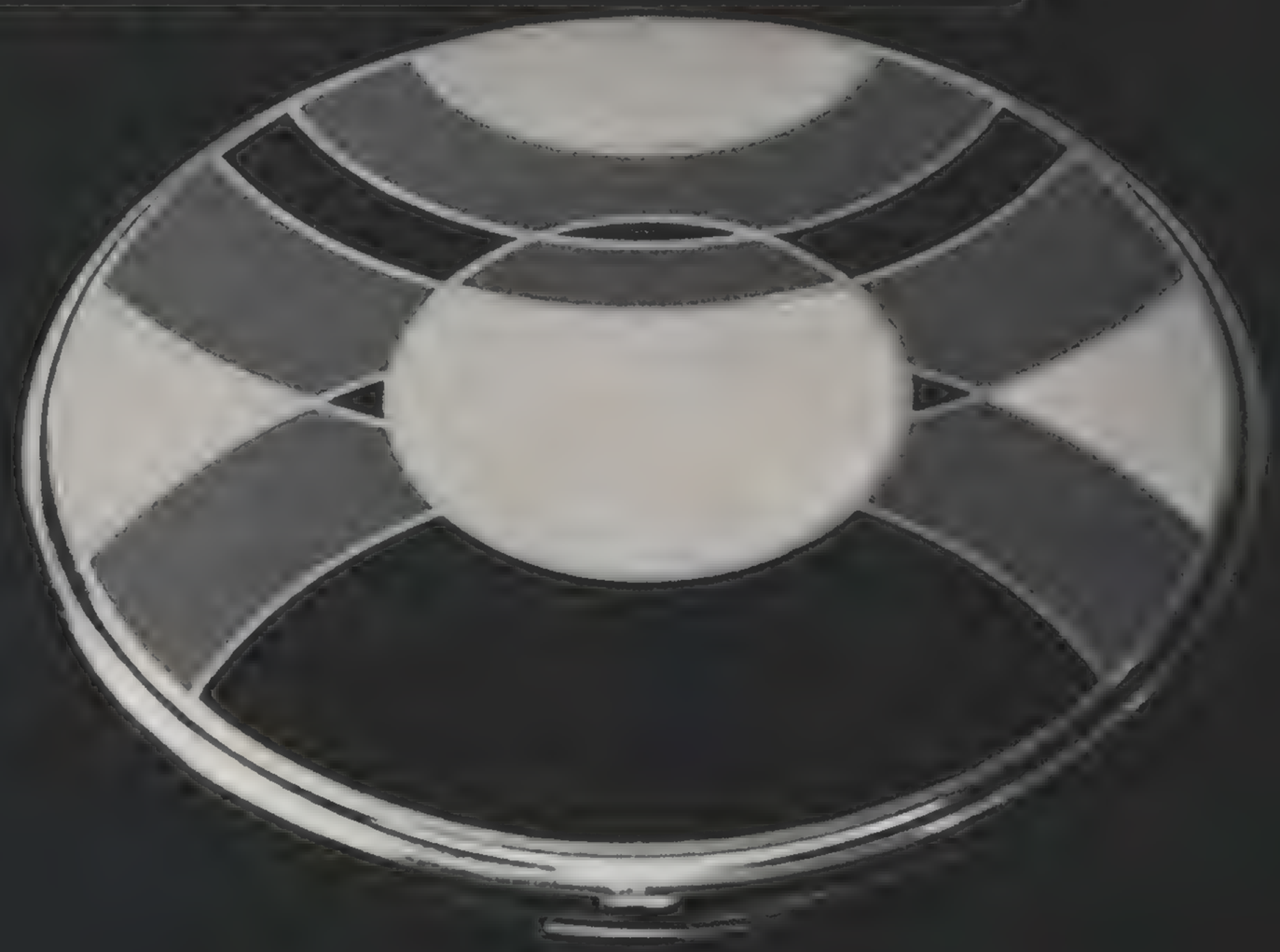
Herbessence (in the afternoon, too).
Helena Rubinstein.



The Super-Star Compacts

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The Heirloom, The Big Weave, The Art Deco–
to give you cinemascopic dimensions to beauty and the
best picture you ever had of yourself.
In four shades of pressed powder, $12.50 and $15.

Estée Lauder



Photograph: Skrebneski ©1969 Estée Lauder, Inc.



Actionwear™

pantyhose

with "refills"™

The only control brief with detachable legs.

Now there's a pretty shaping brief and pretty silky legs.

Now one little run won't ruin everything because you can keep what's right and change what's wrong.

You can change "Refills"™ in an instant and it's bye bye to garters forever.

Now there's a long long leg to wear under the shortest of skirts. A bit of sheer perfection from the tip of your toes to the tip top of your thighs. A marvelous fit with never a droop or sag. Now there's a tiny shaping brief that wouldn't dream of putting you in a bind.

Now there's a pantyhose with self-control. And "Refills"™.

And some of you may never wear anything else again.

Round-the-Clock®

This perfect pantyhose comes with a nylon and spandex brief and one pair of perfect fitting sheer stretch Actionwear "Refills"™ $7.50. Sizes small, medium and large. Bone panty/bone legs black/black, white/tango, beige/cocoa creme, blue/cocoa creme. Actionwear "Refills"™, $2.25 the pair. Support "Refills"™ also available. Other pantyhose with "Refills"™ $4.50, $10.00, and $12.50. Round-the-Clock, 5400 Empire State Building, New York 10001. A division of U.S. Industries, Inc. **For the store nearest you, call: (800) 243-1890, toll-free night or day. In Connecticut, call collect: 853-3600.**

Toughen up
weak nails



'Wonder Nail'. Helps toughen and fortify your nails. And helps protect them against daily shocks, knocks and detergent damage. A protein liquid formula that you brush on the whole nail (not just the tip), it forms a strong *protein-like bond* to give your chipping, splitting, peeling, nibbled nails a second chance. Today?

'Wonder Nail' Fortifier invented by Revlon

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Powder pigeons



We were just about to set a dish of emeralds out on the balcony, in the hope of attracting some Lalique birds, when a bulletin arrived to stay our hands; a charming conspiracy between Nina Ricci and Lalique has resulted in a dusting powder jar which will still be a joy and a delight on your ninetieth birthday. The Lalique-ly cloudy crystal has been made into a curving box with a pair of winging birds—exquisite to the touch—poised on its lid. It holds masses of silky-fine bath powder, deeply fragrant of Nina Ricci's lovely, lilting L'Air du Temps, and is accompanied by a spectacular white swansdown puff, done up in its own organza case. The jar is refillable—with powder or potpourri or whatever.

The numbers game

How did we get along before we knew whether we were 1, 2, 3, or 4? In other words before Clinique number-coded our various skin types in accordance with fragility to relative strength, with dryness to degree of oiliness as well as prescribing face care systems for each type that visibly brighten and freshen faces in no time at all. Now Clinique, still keeping a watchful eye on its brood, has come up with new Clinique Very Emollient Cream—*not* a substitute for any part of the regular Clinique face routines but an extra dollop of rich nutrients for skin that's on the dry side. CVEC can be a night cream; occasional cream, after a day in the elements, or a troubleshooter in perennially dry spots (around the eyes, say) and despite being chock-full of enrichment it's fragrance-free and allergy-tested . . . goes on the tenderest skin without a qualm. Clinique, you've got our number. . . .

(More Ready Beauty, page 70)

Relax-A-cizor presents...
sexy exercise.

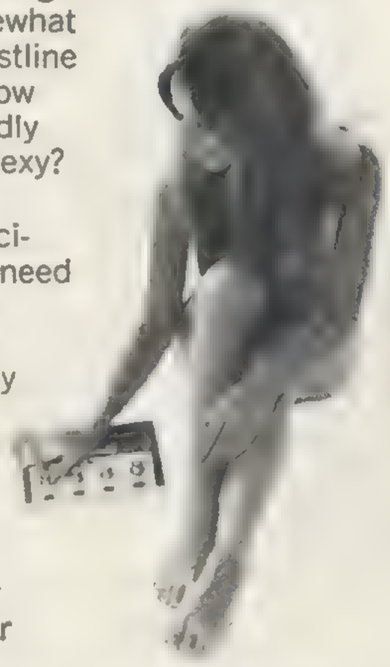


Effortless muscle toning
that reduces
the size of hips, waistline,
tummy and thighs.

Today's sexy look is the sleek, toned "body look." How's *your* figure? A little on the "hippy" side? Somewhat soft around the waistline and tummy? And how about those decidedly *non*-sleek thighs? Sexy? No.

OK—so those undisciplined figure areas need some concentrated exercise. And now there's a delightfully effortless way to do it.

Just get yourself a Relax-A-cizor. That efficient little unit does your beauty exercises for you while you indulge in a luscious beauty rest . . . read or watch TV. Takes as little as 30 minutes a day . . . in the privacy of your own home! Now that's sexy.



The results can be pretty sexy, too—if you keep at it. Relax-A-cizor tones and tightens those soft, too rarely exercised muscles. Makes them "hold in" your hips, waistline, tummy and thighs more. Use it regularly and you reduce the size of these figure areas measurably—to the extent your muscles lack tone because of insufficient exercise. No weight loss!

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THE NEW ART OF GOING NAKED

PURE WOOL

Gerald Laing is a young contemporary artist whose sculpture and graphics have been exhibited in museums all over the world—from New York's Whitney to Japan's Museum of Contemporary Art. On these pages, Mr. Laing turns his considerable talents as a fine artist to a new and lively art form, fabric design His medium, Naked Wool executed by **Brendan Mills, a Division of Anglo Fabrics.** Because Naked Wool is pure wool with futuristic qualities that appeal to an artist with 21st century vision. Woven so weightlessly it feels like you're wearing nothing, soft and fluid enough so you'll want to wear it over nothing. Naked Wool is time-transcending and world-spanning. Mr. Laing's gallery of Naked Wool-inspired prints in turn were the source of inspiration for three of America's great fashion artists: Geoffrey Beene, Bill Blass and Chester Weinberg. The entire collection is signed with the sewn-in Woolmark label, a modern symbol identifying these fashions as quality-tested products made of the world's best . . . pure wool. And all of these take-me-to-tomorrow clothes made the American Way With Wool are available today at **Saks Fifth Avenue Stores.**

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THE NEW ART



OF GOING NAKED

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PURE WOOL







PURE WOOL

Geoffrey Beene sees you going naked in pure wool whether you're a stay-at-home hostess or a dinner party guest on a dear friend's yacht in Acapulco. Because fluid Naked Wool with the Woolmark label brings new artistic expression to an effortlessly flowing look (left) all sensuous serpentines of color, $315.00 and (above) to the hard-edge horizontal graphics of a halter dinner dress, $315.00. Both Naked Wool prints by Gerald Laing executed by Brendan Mills a Division of Anglo Fabrics. Available at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Bill Blass sees you as living, breathing art moving south to Palm Beach in his Pharaoh-scarfed, pleated dress printed in a palette of poster clear colors (right), $435.00, and making a bold abstract statement on New York's restaurant circuit in a dynamic pure wool pants suit with elongated tunic and scarf (below), $895.00. Prints designed by contemporary artist Gerald Laing and luxuriously, vividly woven in pure wool executed by Brendan Mills a Division of Anglo Fabrics. Both examples of modern fashion art have the Woolmark label and are available at Saks Fifth Avenue.

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CONTINENTAL

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

November 1

Take care up there Queasy goes the stomach, and easy goes the routine, the first couple of days at high-altitude snow scenes. . . . Walk, get outfitted, drink plenty of water, get used to the air. It's so shockingly pure that it's sometimes hard to sleep for the first few days. . . . Many people arriving in the mountains forget the great change being wrought upon them. Walk before you ski. . . .

The eater principle Winter is the best time to diet, said one doctor to a Beautiful Dieter. It follows. Energy requirements increase about 3% for every 10°F. of temperature decrease under 70°. Energy requirement equals calories-used-up. Rough translation: You dispose of over 20% more calories doing something at zero than you do at 70°F. . . . If you're a Winter Sport, you take care of even more calories. Skiing demands 600 to 800 calories an hour, depending on how fast you ski, how steadily, and how well. Ironically, a girl in such bad shape that she falls constantly could come out of it all the shapeliest. She uses more calories picking herself up than the whiz hissing past her with perfect aplomb. . . . Breakfast is a prerequisite for a good day. "A substantial but ungreasy breakfast," said one doctor who went into snow over his head to explore the situation, "followed by snacks every few hours."

Ski teachers' diet In Zermatt in the canton of Valais in Switzerland, there is no question that the mountain guides and ski teachers are the trimmest people around. We've covered the circumstances under which they expend calories. Here's how they acquire them. . . . They're brought up on dry and smoked meats. The famous *viande séchée* or *Grisons* is a staple and "The great age of many mountain people attests to its qualities," said our Zermatt informant. They eat platefuls of Grisons, sheared paper-thin, and follow it with one of the famous Swiss cheese treats. Fondue: Finely-cut Emmenthal and Valais cheese, stirred with white wine and cornstarch and nutmeg and Kirsch and served with pieces of hard-crust bread which are speared by fondue forks and then dipped into the cheese mixture. Or *Raclette,* a specialty of the canton: You hold a big piece of the local cheese to the fire and scrape off the softened part as it melts and eat it with potatoes baked in their jackets, all washed down with the staunch white wine of Valais. . . . Or eggs on a cheese-covered hunk of bread sizzling from the oven. . . . Zermatt ski teachers like hearty breakfasts, as they start out at eight on cold mornings. Slices of dried *saucisson,* Swiss salami, on hunks of crunchy black bread; big bowls of hot porridge with cream and honey; café au lait. . . . Midmorning there's a stop between runs for a hot tea or Ovaltine to warm up chilled skiers, give them the strength to continue until lunchtime. . . . The instructors insist upon, for themselves and their students, a hot meal for lunch. Steaming soup followed by a couple of giant *wienerli,* fat hot dogs, on Rosti, grated potatoes and onions fried with the hot dogs. A slice of Valais cheese and coffee, all accompanied throughout by red wine, which is "good for the blood at high altitudes." "This may seem gigantic and heavy," our Zermatt correspondent allowed, "but the pork products are full of energy and don't go to fat when body energy is being used up at the fast rate of skiing." . . . Skiers come down at four and take tea, which is somewhat a light supper. Jelly on buttered bread, cheese, *viande séchée.* Early-to-bed skiers have this instead of dinner. Dinner devotées skip tea, have Gluwein at five. Then they rest, bathe, and dress for dinner at nine, a dinner that should be, according to their ski-mentors, the merest bit of steak and salad, but more likely is embellished by the juiciest fondues Valais has to offer. . . . More Beauty Checkout, page 62.

This won't give you a new skin, darling, but it will bring you a radiant look! For the first time you can play your own skin game with my Skin-Tight Hot Facial Masque. It's a two-step strawberry scented ritual that revives your complexion by deep pore cleansing as it remoisturizes. All you do is smooth on the rich creaminess of Formula A, paint on the warm pinkness of Formula B– relax for at least 35 minutes, and pull off the masque in one piece. Your skin will feel reborn and so will you. What a performer!

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DU PONT

Better things for better living through chemistry

Vera paints an India festival

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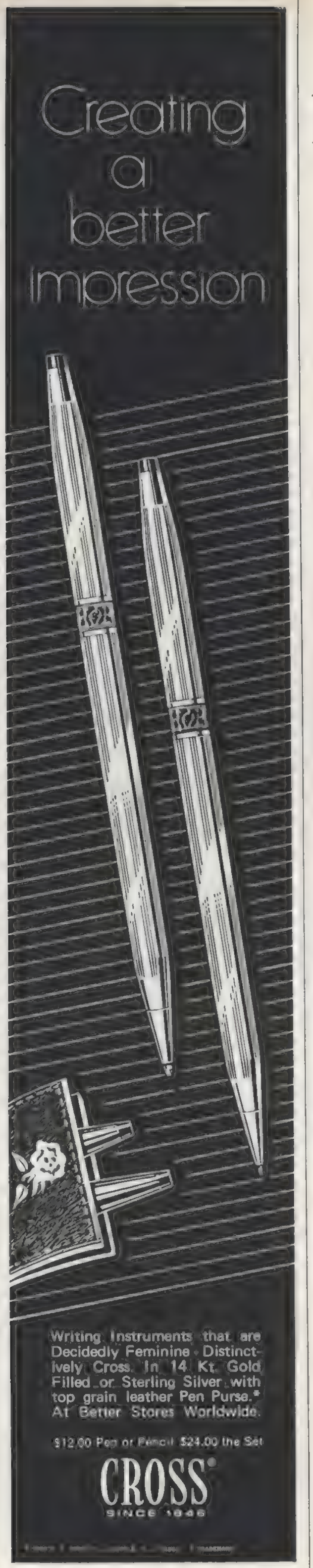


India ink. Moonlight pink. India's Festival of Lights inspired Vera to paint an India festival of her own. Front: Traditional tunic of India in a lush surah twill of Dacron polyester, $30. Legs wrapped in matte jersey "India Legs" pants, $16. Back: Shift in Dacron surah, $35. Most in sizes 8 to 18. Silk scarf of the Vera painting—for head. shoulders or waist, $7. Prices slightly higher in the west. Vera's entire Festival of Lights collection now lighting up fashionable stores.
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Vera

FOR ART LOVERS



BEAUTY CHECKOUT

November 1

L'eau—and behold

Water works wonders—an idea as old as the hills, and the streams, and the springs. The Cure, it was once called, and to take it one went to sea or to spa. To swim in, wash with, drink of, sail on, or simply gaze at—water. Those who have gone along with this idea are splashed all through history; among them Queen Nefertiti, St. Paul, Emperor Hadrian, Marie Antoinette, George Washington. At present, a new name on this list is Régine—the Paris *bistroienne* whose fame is fanning out now in all directions. At her nightclub, The New Jimmy's, she's a renowned hostess and entertainer. Her recordings of songs—all kinds in numerous languages—have sold millions. She suddenly has a movie career; currently in *Marry Me! Marry Me!*, others are coming along. There's a book about her, a musical comedy about her in the works. A TV show in Italy. Carnegie Hall in January. An Ed Sullivan show. Plans for another restaurant in Paris, right across from New Jimmy's. Plenty going for her.

But the life she leads is not one that usually goes for beauty—up till all hours every night in smoky rooms, never enough rest, never a chance to soak up fresh air, or sun, or a relaxing countryside. By rights, she should be a wreck. She isn't. Her skin should look tired and un-blooming. It doesn't. So what is it about the Régine régime? What does she soak up? Water. "I'm a water girl," she says. "I use more of it than anyone." And for all purposes. When she wakes up (after sleeping for unlikely intervals, at unlikely hours, because she's a *nuit*-person), she starts her routine with Evian water. For one solid hour, each day, she applies cotton pads of it to her face and neck. She likes the pads very wet, saturated with this good water's refreshment. From which her skin obviously gains. It also has a soothing effect since it's known that, besides being nature's true moisturizer, water is also nature's tranquillizer (how relaxing to watch the ocean, or a surfer, or a brook on the rocks, to float on water, or just drink a big clear glass of it). Since Régine does a lot of dancing with customers, she follows her face-and-neck sponging with a foot bath in very hot water to which she usually adds kitchen salt or some kind of herb—whatever she happens to have. Feet stay in the bath for twenty minutes, with more hot water added occasionally. This, for her circulation—another old idea—and for her vanity: Régine takes pride in her small graceful feet and owns sixty pairs of shoes. Her reason for this, given with a laugh over the flick of sadness in her eyes, "I suffered during the war—not having enough shoes." Régine has a sauna, and a routine with this three times a week—ten minutes in the sauna, out for a cold shower, back in the sauna ten more minutes. She eats very little—seems to live on water made into weak tea; has up to four cups at breakfast, lunch, teatime. With dinner, she forsakes watery tea for Dom Pérignon.

Apparently, Régine's water-work works. As her activities increase, she looks slimmer, greater, more appealing than ever. According to one photographer, "she is always surrounded by cushions, dressmakers, her own records—somehow she belongs to the Cocteau and Piaf way of being." She is now looking forward to more success—perhaps as a mermaid? . . .

[About that Evian water—it's one of the favourite mineral waters of the world. For drinking or for splashing on. Rich in tonic benefits, especially sulphur which is good for the skin. Now available in a big spray can, a brumisateur that sends out a fine mist, to be sprayed on face or body to neutralize the drying alkali effects of soap, to set makeup and give the face a bright fresh patina.]

Photograph by Richard Avedon

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(rhythm rhythm rhythm)
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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

The great leveller

Pots pounce on them. Doors clout them. As advance men for everything you choose to grapple with, your fingernails are prey to a host of dangers. The Revlon people, who do not view the bumps and bruises nails incur in duty's course as something to be taken lightly, have come up with some first-rate first aid for injured nails called Nail Smooth. It looks like an emery board, works like a buffer to satin out ridges, erase stains, and really prime the canvas you plan to paint. If you have ever suffered failure trying to enamel an uneven nail, you'll want to give Nail Smooth a minute of your time.

Now, hair this

Some of the cleverest money around these days is not on the ponies or the blue chips. What it is on is a good bet called Sure Thing, an enzyme-active multi-conditioner stirred up by those fine hands at doing heaven things for your hair, the Helene Curtis people. Doused on as sequel to a shampoo, Sure Thing cream shines hair silk, conditions to build healthy body, and crisps every last strand to keep your setting and you friends a lot longer. When released, the enzymes housed in the cap of the vial act as a catalyst to neutralize chemicals that remain in hair streaked, straightened, or permanented. Even if nothing stronger than the sun has ever touched your head, it's a safe bet Sure Thing can do it good. . . . Place your bet with your hairdresser.

Union shop

Space being scarce as it is and, when found, dear as truffles, we think it awfully nice that someone has taken a palmful of the stuff and packed it with an armful of beauty essentials. This nifty organization is called The Paint Factory and it's a bit of Max Factor-y your overcrowded handbag will love you for. No larger than a crayon box, it's copiously equipped with three lip creams, one lip frost, four eye shadow pots, a brace of liner pencils, and a double-ended brush for putting the art supplies to lip and lid. Blondes, brunettes, and redheads can have The Paint Factory in colours keyed to theirs and might do well to keep one in the glove compartment, one in the top drawer.



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We have 24 shades that are color-blended by hand. That's one of the reasons our wigs don't look like wigs.

Our Nature Blend wigs look like hair. Because they're shaded like hair.

Let's say your hair is brown. It isn't just one shade of brown. It's a lot of shades of brown. And that's exactly the way we make our Nature Blend wigs. In 24 different shades, including frosteds. All blended by hand. They look more natural than any other wigs. Even with our wiglettes and falls, you really can't see the difference between your own hair and Nature Blend. You won't be able to feel the difference, either.

We wish you had one in your hands right now. Because then you'd see that Nature Blend wigs are not only better looking than other wigs. They actually behave better than your own hair.

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cause a
flutter



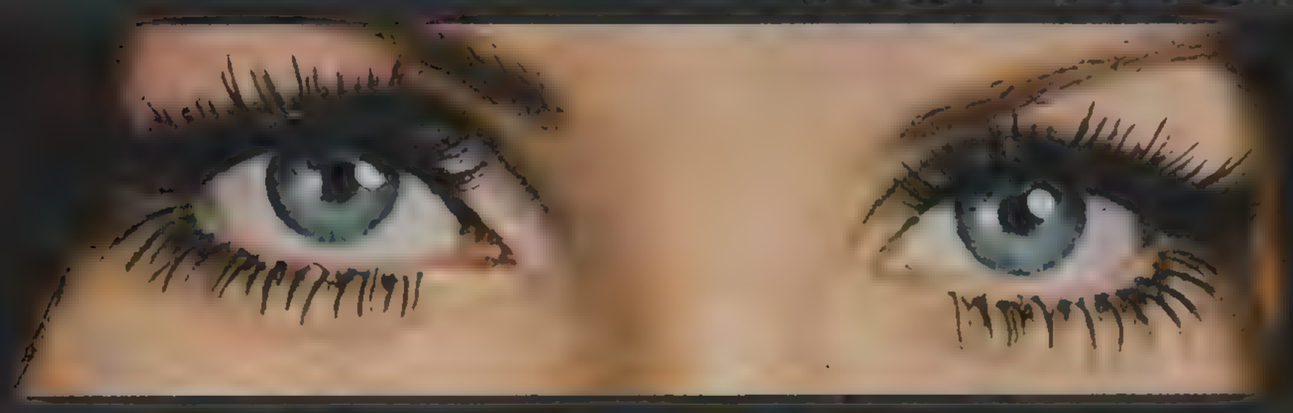
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NOTES FROM THE SLOPES

Exercise should be started well in advance of a ski vacation. Window washing is one of the best ski exercises. Spend every Saturday for a month before departure washing every window in sight. Bays recommended: lots of stretch and bend—and fine for upper arm muscles, the ones that pull on ski lifts and poles. . . . Walk around your apartment for an hour a day in your ski boots. This strengthens your legs and ankles and gives you a chance to work out your socks combinations so you don't pack too many unneeded ones. . . . Isometrics help, but a good daily walk is better, and bicycling better yet. Try getting off the elevator at the fifth floor and walk the rest of the way—great for the thighs and back-of-the-leg muscles, those side-slipping ones. Dance with legs and ankles pressed tightly together, sway and dip without losing balance. Gets you ready for parallel traverses and turns. . . . Open your window at night and practise deep breathing, in through the nose, out through the mouth—good for your wind and lungs. At high altitudes you need more oxygen to fill up the lungs and yoga breathing is a big help. Yoga in general. Ski racers practise it in summer when they don't ski; they ride bicycles, too. . . . Tired muscles after skiing respond well to sauna and massage. Sauna, though, can be tiring after a hard day's skiing at high altitudes, so it's not for the first several days. Best to get into condition by working on the skiing. . . .

Ski teachers' tips to skiers: Don't ski the first day. Walk, get outfitted, drink plenty of water, get used to the air. . . . Dress in layers: better two thin leotards than a single thick one. Better two thin cotton undershirts than one thick sweater. Silk underwear and gloves under shirts and mittens in icy weather. . . . Keep socks and ski boots meticulously dry. Put socks between the rungs of a radiator to dry after skiing. . . . Woollen caps are warmest and most professional. Ski teachers hate the bunny look of junked-up hat; they prefer a cowboy or stocking cap pulled way down over the forehead. Another right hat is the fur chapka. These are worn by the teachers themselves, in white or red fox. . . . Equipment is most important. Ski teachers suggest that all bindings, boots, poles, and so forth be checked before hitting the slopes. It's a waste of a client's time and money to have to fuss around at ten thousand feet because boots don't fit, bindings loosen, et cetera. . . . Practise getting on and off the lifts with ease. The sign of an amateur is the clunkiness shown when face to face with a ski lift. . . . Always carry skis on the right shoulder, tied tightly together and points forward. (Stitch a small square of foam rubber under the right shoulder of your parka for carrying your skis.) Ski poles are held in the left hand. Non-pros are spotted by the way they carry their skis. . . . Keep lift cards out of sight. Horrors the plastic see-through card on a string. Learn to flash it quickly out of a pocket while going up lifts. . . . Grease up and tan while riding the lifts; instructors take advantage of long lift rides to ditch glasses and even-out a tan around their eyes. . . . The less paraphernalia the better. All those big belts with zippers add bulk and shorten a trim skiing look. Keep the minimum of makeup in zipper pockets. . . .

Don't say "I can't." You are paying an instructor solid gold for your lessons. Say, "I am trying." . . . Smile, even though it's forty below, your new boots are killing you, you have forgotten everything you have ever learned, you have a sudden attack of vertigo on a steep descent, visibility is zero because of the fog, you lost your mittens and frostbite is setting in, you are stuck for two hours on the ski lift with an unattractive man who speaks only German, your binding has opened and there is no one nearby with a coin small enough to tighten a screw, you are being followed by a group of jeering showoffs who cut you off at every turn, you lie down and cry on the ice as the sun goes down while your instructor calmly lights a cigarette. . . . Smile, because it's the greatest sport going. (Other notes from the slopes, on page 166.)

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in an original by
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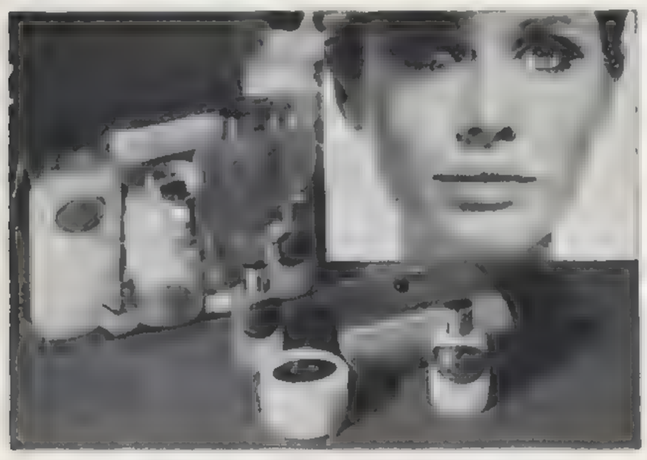
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HOW TO INTRODUCE

The simplest form

Only names are used in the simplest form of introduction. The question of whether the name of the person being introduced is mentioned first or second is a debatable one, and probably the most sensible decision is that it is of no great consequence. . . . When making introductions at a large party, it is quite natural to attract a person's attention, if he or she is talking to others, by mentioning his name first. If one is a real stickler for the most rigid form, however, the name of the person who is being introduced comes first.

Forgetting a name

Almost everybody has had the experience of forgetting a name. . . . Probably the most common cause is meeting someone unexpectedly in a setting which one does not associate with that person, as, for example, a San Francisco acquaintance on the quay at Portofino. If it is necessary to introduce two people, and you have forgotten the name of one, there is little to do but make a half-introduction such as: "Have you met Mr. Carpenter?" . . . If the unnamed person has poise, she will introduce herself simply: "I'm Jane Milton. How do you do?"

The unintentional slight

Every so often, a person nods or smiles at an acquaintance in the street, a restaurant, or elsewhere, and receives no sign of recognition whatever. There are many reasons why this can happen. Someone can be deeply preoccupied with his own thoughts and "a thousand miles away," as the saying goes. Absent-mindedness can be responsible. Probably the most common cause is nearsightedness. Many people, particularly women, who should wear glasses, prefer to go around half-blind. . . .

SWIMMING POOLS

As a guest:

If you know someone who has a pool, never assume that it is more or less public property, or that you may have the run of it. . . . Do not call up and ask if you or your children can use it, even when you know the owner very well. Should he wish you to swim any time you want, he will tell you so. . . . Firelight and good dinners on winter evenings can say "thank you" very eloquently for cooling swims on summer afternoons.

As an owner:

The primary problem for most pool owners is how to maintain the privacy they want without offending other people or acquiring a reputation for being antisocial and selfish. . . . Let it be understood, in a kindly but unequivocal way, that people are most welcome at your pool *when you invite them* but not otherwise, if that is the way you wish

(Continued on page 90)



The Sea Dream Collection by maidenform

Here are some of the fine stores that carry The Sea Dream® Collection:

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San Diego, Calif.
—Walker-Scott Co.
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Every year, thousands of people end up skiing in the wrong place.

TWA introduces free ski consultation service.

Did you know it's as cheap to spend two weeks in the Alps as it is to spend two weeks in the Rockies?

That certain resorts in the U.S. and Europe have whole mountains set aside for little kids?

Or that some places only have the kind of slopes where a parachute is more appropriate than skis?

There are dozens of ways to go wrong. There's a sure way to go right.

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And based on exactly how good a skier you are, your marital status, what you like to do after dark and how much time and money you'd care to spend, we'll recommend <u>the</u> place for you.



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And for our "Ski The Big Ones" brochure that spells out complete prices for all the great resorts in Europe and America, write TWA, Dept. 380, P.O. Box 25, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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You decide to douche to stop embarrassing feminine odor.

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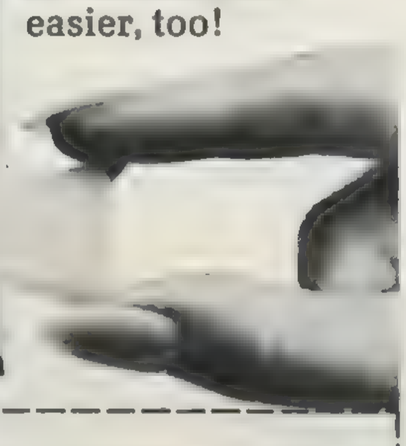
9:15
You're still douching.

9:20
You're still douching.

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You're still douching...



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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Is a face at its best when it's at the peak?

When it comes to separating the ski buffs from the ski duffs you might give a look in the direction of what the buffs are putting on their faces these days. For those who ski Seriously, constant schussing and slaloming in the wind and sun would leave many a burnt-out face were it not for the good offices of Bonne Bell whose protective skin products bear the official stamp of the U.S. Ski Team. Like Weatherproofer, a clear slick that gives a glow to a face while it fends off chapping and windburn. Then there's Sure Tan when a lady's for browning not for burning. For hitting the heights, High Altitude Cream does all these things twice as hard. Bonne Bell has collected all this in one kit plus Snow Tan, a gel to tan when tan there's not; Après, a creamy cologne; and Pin-On Lip Gloss that parks on a parka for instant salvation. And a handy little Baedeker called "Guide for the Swinging Skier." All in all, a peak performance.

Must all good things come to an end?

Like a perfume, for instance. Why does the scent you started out so buoyantly with this morning abandon you spitefully by noon? That venerable perfumerie, Houbigant, whose various eaux have caught many a nose beginning with Marie Antoinette's Versailles crowd, has delved into perfume longevity. The perfume: Chantilly, bound to shake a few worlds in a new variation, Chantilly Eau de Parfum—one jolt of which gives the same delicious scent, comes on strong, goes on and on. Also new: dazzling "antique" flacon for the Eau, plus regal golden box for Dusting Powder. The whole thing, christened Chantilly Collection Royale, evokes the good old days at Versailles. . . .

Fresh lemon-aids

Avocados may come and cranshaws may go, but the thought of a lemon-less world is too bleak to contemplate. Both interiorly and exteriorly, this sunny, modest fruit has been man's friend—and women's complexion coddler—since those garden parties in Eden. John Robert Powers' new Gold'N'Lemon skin-care series is gorgeously golden and rich with the tart scent and clean astringency of juicy lemons. There's a deep-cleansing lotion, a crisp freshener, a brisk astringent, the most lightweight masque imaginable, a moisturizer, and a lemonly-lavish night cream. Each product is especially planned to interact with the others, with well-organized instructions for optimum benefits.



The short cut.

You don't stop to pay for tickets or play baggage bingo. You don't stop for traffic. There isn't any.

The crowd is still back of the gate. But you're already unpacked and got your suit wet. Stretch. It's going to be another of those long magic weekends.

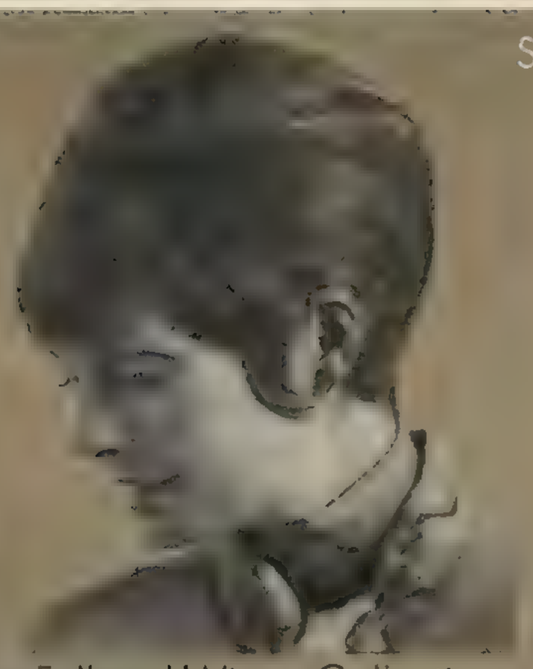
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Etiquette

(Continued from page 80)

it. Of course, there are various types of invitations. You might have "open house" at your pool on certain days. Or you might write little notes just before the swimming season begins, asking particular friends to use the pool at all or specified times. . . .

PERFORMING A FAVOUR GRACEFULLY

It may seem unnecessary to comment on this phase of good manners, but people do exist who like to remind others of kindnesses done for them. The ideal attitude is to create the impression that "it was nothing" or even a pleasure (which it can be) to help. The following story exemplifies this beautifully: A fourteen-year-old boy travelled to Europe with Marlene Dietrich's daughter and grandchildren one summer. When the group arrived in Paris, they spent a dazzling week with Miss Dietrich. In the course of the gaieties, she cabled four words to the boy's parents: "Your boy, our joy." This is grace of a high order, and it endears the dispenser to everyone.

A SMALL CHILD

Hurt feelings

Most children are instinctively sensitive. Even a quite little one can understand the concept of hurt feelings if you take the time and effort to explain it to him. Such an understanding is crucial to the teaching of manners because once a child has it, he will grasp many of the reasons behind the rules. He will see that it is to avoid hurt feelings that one does not point at people, that one does not comment about physical differences or deformities, that one does not tell a friend that one dislikes his birthday present.

AN OLDER CHILD

Continual forgetfulness

Everyone has encountered the chronic absent-mindedness of the adolescent. . . . It is easier to live with an absent-minded child if you can adjust your own point of view to minimize the irritation. Two things are helpful: first, reminding yourself that the condition is not peculiar to your child and that it is *temporary;* second, accepting the fact that the absent-mindedness is largely out of the child's control. Once a parent understands that things are not being forgotten or overlooked *on purpose,* much of the annoyance disappears. . . .

LARGE FAMILY DINNERS

Family dinners tend to be more complicated than parties for friends. Although blood may be thicker than water, it is not necessarily the most successful social catalyst. . . . For an unknown reason—tradition, perhaps—sometime between two and four in the afternoon seems to be the usual hour for a holiday dinner. This is difficult to understand. . . . Midafternoon is psychologically and physiologically the worst.

MANNERS AND MONEY

A person's income

It is pretentious to disclose the size of one's income if it is large. It is self-pitying and unattractive to do so if it is small. Either way, one is asking for attention—envy or sympathy. The well-mannered person so manages his life that his money, or lack of it, is secondary to his personal capacity to please.

A wife's money

These days many wives work, for one reason or another. Others, thanks to luck, have some money of their own. In either case, the wife is likely to contribute to the family income. . . . On the surface, this looks highly satisfactory. But the sad fact is that, unless a wife's financial participation is handled with tact, intelligence, and good taste by both herself and her husband, it may create more problems than it solves. . . . If you are a wife who contributes to the family income, remember that what you *don't* do is more important than what you *do* do: Don't contribute haphazardly, making a grand gesture when the mood strikes. Give an agreed-upon amount regularly. . . . Don't use money as a weapon to bribe, bully, or belittle your husband. Such behaviour is unforgivable, and will not be forgiven.



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Troy.....The Peerless Co.
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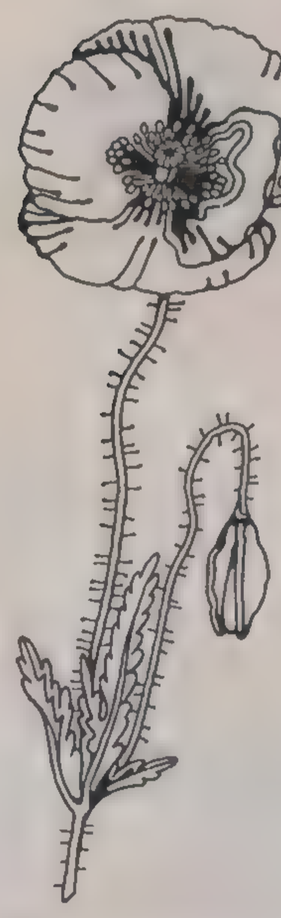
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A century ago lovers were shyer than now, and conveyed their deepest
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Smooth as whipped cream. Frothy and fragrant.
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She thanks *2nd Debut* for smoothing away the flaking roughness her skin has had too long . . . she thanks *2nd Debut* for helping her to lose her dryness—wrinkles . . . she thanks *2nd Debut* for minimizing her facial lines so she actually looks younger than her years . . . she thanks *2nd Debut* for the pride her children take in her young appearance . . . she thanks *2nd Debut* for the new sparkle she sees in her husband's eyes when he dates her for luncheon . . . she thanks *2nd Debut* for the diamond he just gave her, for no reason at all. If you are under thirty-five, use *2nd Debut* with C E F 600 moisturizer on your face and neck twice daily. If older, get *2nd Debut* with double potency C E F 1200 moisturizer or if you are in a hurry at any age. *2nd Debut* will do wonders for anyone—of any age.

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PowerTools! Brilliant little automatics just dreamed up by Lady Sunbeam. Face things. Curl things. Everything it takes to turn you beautiful—at the flick of a switch. Get the Whole Works. And get beautiful, Baby!



Lady Sunbeam Facemaker complexion care kit

Face-Age idea! The Lady Sunbeam Facemaker. A turned-on handle that rotates gently, and a kit full of nifty attachments. Furry-soft brushes to deep-clean pores. Tingle away soil and make-up. An ingenious massager that's very relaxing, and a delicious way to apply creamy things. Even a refreshing cold/hot pack. Cordless, rechargeable and waterproof.





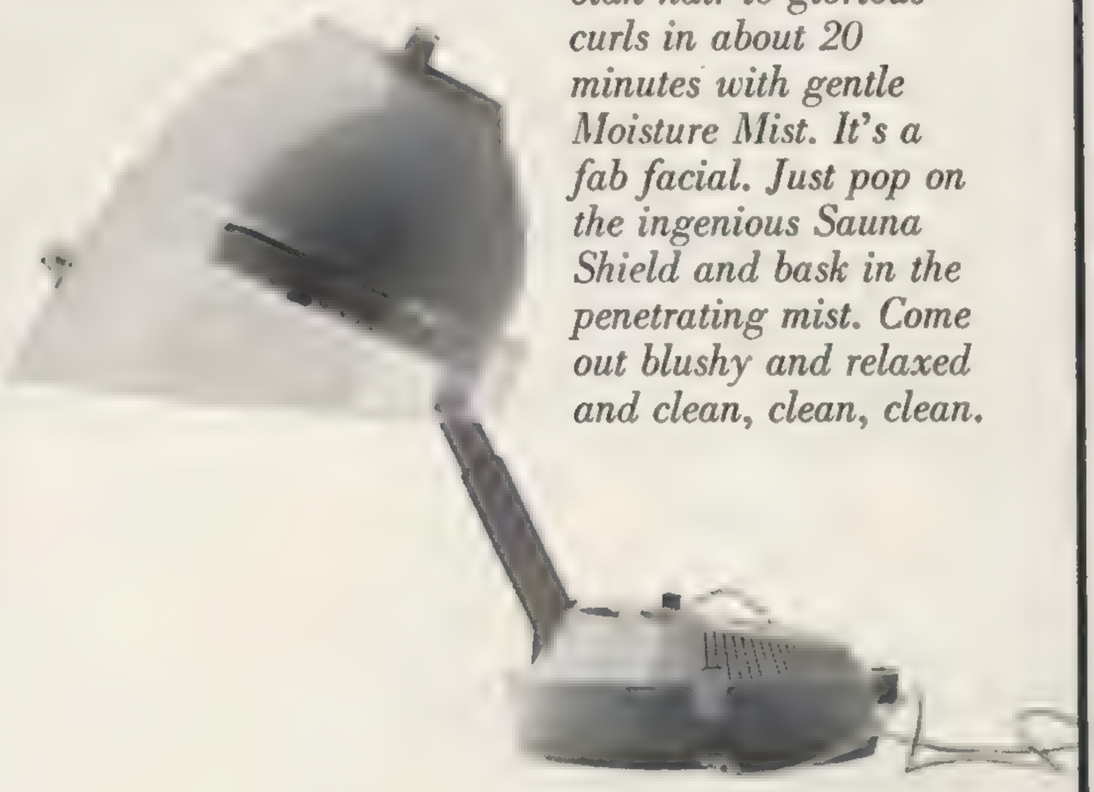
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Make waves. Or curls. Or just add bounce. The Lady Sunbeam Hair Curler makes you a regular efficiency expert in the Hair Department. Twenty rollers, four sizes. So you can curl a curl, wave a wave, in just five little minutes—or less—with our pre-heated rollers. Snappy new kind of clips. One size fits all rollers. (Hurrah! Hurrah!) Clips lock tight, so wayward curlers can't come tumbling down.



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It's like a beauty shop to go! The Lady Sunbeam Mist and Sauna Hair Dryer. It's a great big beautiful salon-type dryer. Has three heat settings to get you gorgeous in a hurry. It's a quickie hair setter. Goes from blah hair to glorious curls in about 20 minutes with gentle Moisture Mist. It's a fab facial. Just pop on the ingenious Sauna Shield and bask in the penetrating mist. Come out blushy and relaxed and clean, clean, clean.





PowerTools for girls. *In the Lady Sunbeam Beauty Boutique at the nicest stores.*

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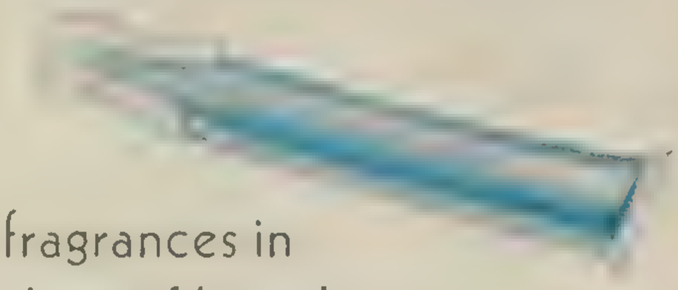
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A revolutionary idea? Yes. But think about it honestly. Nice, isn't it? In fact, too nice to take for granted.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The Provençal pageantry of a royal wedding, in France



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NISBERG

Like a tableau of a tapestry, the wedding of Jacques de France, Duc d'Orléans, and Gersende de Sabran-Pontevès unfurled against the mediaeval backdrop of Château d'Ansouis. the bride's family's seat of a thousand years. Linking two great houses of France—the groom is a son of the Comte de Paris, the bride, a descendant of the Count-Kings of Provence—this rite drew a stir of royalties.

Throngs lined the village lanes as the wedding cortège wound to the Romanesque church, carpeted in crimson and gold fleur-de-lis. Enchanting in her patchwork Saint Laurent dress, the bride, a concert pianist, chose for her wedding music by Schubert, Mozart, Beethoven. Later, bells sounded and the Provençal villagers danced a farandole beneath the hanging gardens of Château d'Ansouis where a wedding supper for eight hundred guests ended in a roar of fireworks. 1. Duc et Duchesse d'Orléans. 2. Duchesse de Wurtemberg, Prince Carlos de Bourbon-Deux-Siciles. 3. Madame la Comtesse de Paris, Comte Jean de Sabran-Pontevès, Duchesse de Sabran-Pontevès, Monseigneur le Comte de Paris. 4. Comte and Comtesse Baudry d'Asson. 5. Prince Henri de France, Comte de Clermont, and Comtesse de Clermont. 6. Comte and Comtesse Arnaud Durfort Civrac de Lorge, Mlle. Aude de Pommereau. 7. Princesse Chantal de France, M. Philippe de Yturbe, M. Christophe Petitcollot. 8. Monseigneur le Comte de Paris. 9. Comte Gilles de Noailles, Mlle. Passerose Rueff. 10. Comtesse de Limburg-Stirum, Principe Amedeo di Savoia, Duca d'Aosta.

The gowns by Warner's. The fiber by Enka. The photograph by Silano.



Enka one of the great producers of man-made fibers.

The fiber is Crepeset® nylon. Fabric by Collins & Aikman. Elizabethan night dressing in sunny honey, hyacinth or sun coral; petite sizes 32 to 38. Waltz-length gown, $18. Peignoir and long gown set, $42. Long gown alone, $20. At John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Macy's California, San Francisco.

CREPESET IS A REG. T.M. OF AMERICAN ENKA CORP., ENKA, N. C., FOR ITS CREPE NYLON.



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IT'S JUST STAYING
AT A NICER PLACE.

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VOGUE'S

Dancing Danes at the American Ambassador's in Copenhagen



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The Helsingør Pigegarde, a Danish girls' band, tooted a welcome to guests arriving at Rydhave, the American Embassy Residence, in Copenhagen for the ball given by Ambassador and Mrs. Guilford Dudley, junior, for the Danish Multiple Sclerosis Society: As one Danish guest said, "The grooviest party I've been to in Denmark." Her Royal Highness Princess Margrethe and her husband led out the Danish folk dances—in one, with the women seated on the arms of the men linked in a circle, Princess Margrethe sailed around the room supported by her husband and the Ambassador.

After drinks, the guests moved



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NOTEBOOK



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through the gardens under a canopy for dinner and dancing in a huge tent, decorated with brilliant lashings of parachute silk and autumn flowers.

1. H.R.H. Princess Margrethe of Denmark, The Hon. Guilford Dudley, junior, U.S. Ambassador to Denmark. 2. Mrs. Guilford Dudley, junior, with H.R.H. Prince Henrik of Denmark. 3. Vice-Consul and Mrs. Ward Carr Thompson. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Ole Tholstrup. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Preben Vendorf. 6. Mrs. Michael Butler, Mr. Edvardo Azcue. 7. Mr. and Mrs. David T. Jager. 8. Miss Vibeke Toft-Nielsen, Mr. Ole Bramsnaes. 9. The pipers' band.



8



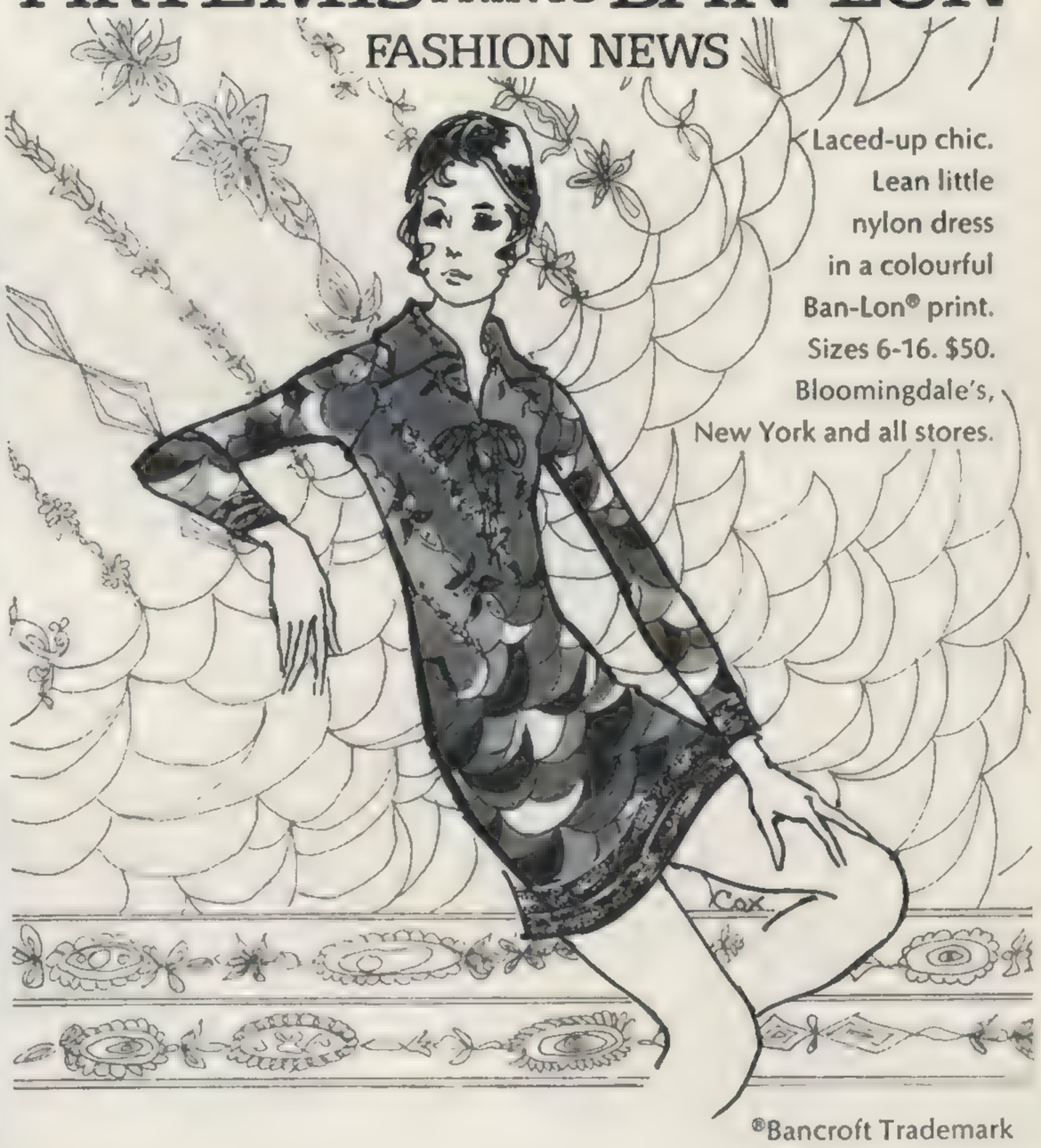
NISBERG

9

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FASHION NEWS

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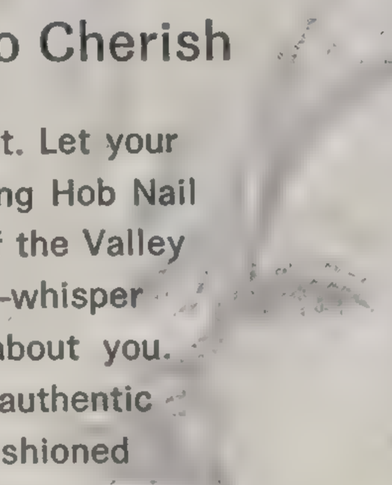


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VOGUE'S

A sun-stunned wedding in San Mateo



1



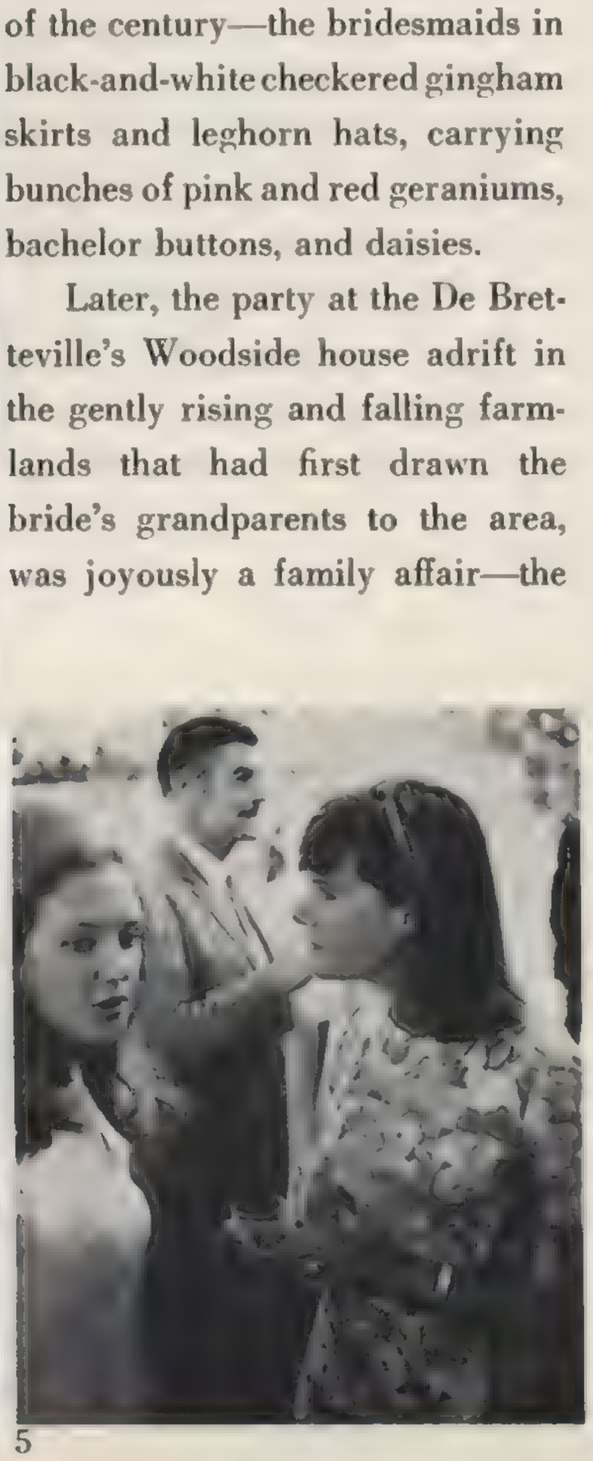
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High in the rolling hills between the San Francisco Bay and the Pacific Ocean, Frances de Bretteville and Lieutenant, junior grade, Edward McCormick Blair, junior, U.S.N.R., were married in the daisy-filled Episcopal Church of St. Matthew in San Mateo.

The wedding was touched with flourishes of California at the turn of the century—the bridesmaids in black-and-white checkered gingham skirts and leghorn hats, carrying bunches of pink and red geraniums, bachelor buttons, and daisies.

Later, the party at the De Bretteville's Woodside house adrift in the gently rising and falling farmlands that had first drawn the bride's grandparents to the area, was joyously a family affair—the

NOTEBOOK



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children rollicking on the lawn and the older guests dancing and laughing away the hazy afternoon.

1. Mr. Charles de Bretteville, father of the bride, with the bride and bridesmaids. 2. The groom, Lt. (jg) Edward McCormick Blair, junior, U.S.N.R., with the mother of the bride, Mrs. Charles de Bretteville. 3. Miss Anne Pattee. 4. Miss Joan Murray, Mr. Ian C. Hall. 5. Miss Candyce Martin, Mr. Thomas Martin, Mrs. Edward Leonard. 6. Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCormick Blair, senior, mother and father of the groom. 7. Miss Susan Brody, Mr. William McCormick Blair, junior. 8. Mrs. Howard Linn. 9. The bride and groom in the Church of St. Matthew in San Mateo.



8

ERNEST RESHOVSKY—PIX

9



Sidney Gould, that is. "Knit-Togethers" that will have your heart skipping a beat. Fern stitch of Dupont Wintuk† **Orlon**® Acrylic. In White, Black and soft shades. Small, Medium and Large. Tunic and pants $23.00 each. At Best & Co., New York, Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, Hutzler's, Baltimore, J. L. Hudson, Detroit, May Co., Cleveland, Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago, Famous-Barr, St. Louis, Joske's, Houston, Frost Bros., San Antonio, Levy's, Tucson, May Co., Los Angeles, Capwell's, Oakland, Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.

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Romantic hair. Fantastically fast. With Gentle Care.

Gentle Care® instant hair conditioner



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VOGUE'S

The live colour of the White Ball in London



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In bright Kensington moonlight, about four hundred and fifty guests laughing and dancing joined the revels of the Prince and Princess Rupert of Loewenstein-Wertheim in a mammoth green-and-white gazebo built for their party in the three-sectioned garden by the young designer David Mlinaric. The guests, some of whom had flown in from the Continent, sat about on white vinyl cushions, chatting or moving through the white-cockatooed greenery to hear the Yes and the Skatellites, the two pop groups that played until five in the morning in spite of the police who arrived at one to stop the blasting noises. Although the Prince and Princess had moved into the Hol-



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NOTEBOOK



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land Park house almost four years ago, Prince Rupert said the party in his garden was a kind of "delayed housewarming."

1. Prince and Princess Rupert of Loewenstein-Wertheim. 2. Mr. Gunther Sachs, Miss Mirja Larsen. 3. Miss Marianne Faithfull. 4. Mr. David Hicks, Countess Beatty. 5. Baron Arnaud de Rosnay, Miss Marisa Berenson. 6. Mr. Oliver Hoare, Lady Victoria Yorke. 7. Lady Reay. 8. Vicomtesse de Ribes, M. Patrice Calmettes. 9. Miss Miranda Quarry, Mr. Peter Sellers. 10. The Skatellites.



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JOHN ENCOMBE



FEATHER HER NEST

Mother and fledgling have ruby eyes.
She carries a diamond in her beak.
Pin in 14 karat yellow gold, $125.

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Parfum ÀGogo
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French perfume $25.00 the oz. In other fragrant forms, from $4.00. At today-type stores.

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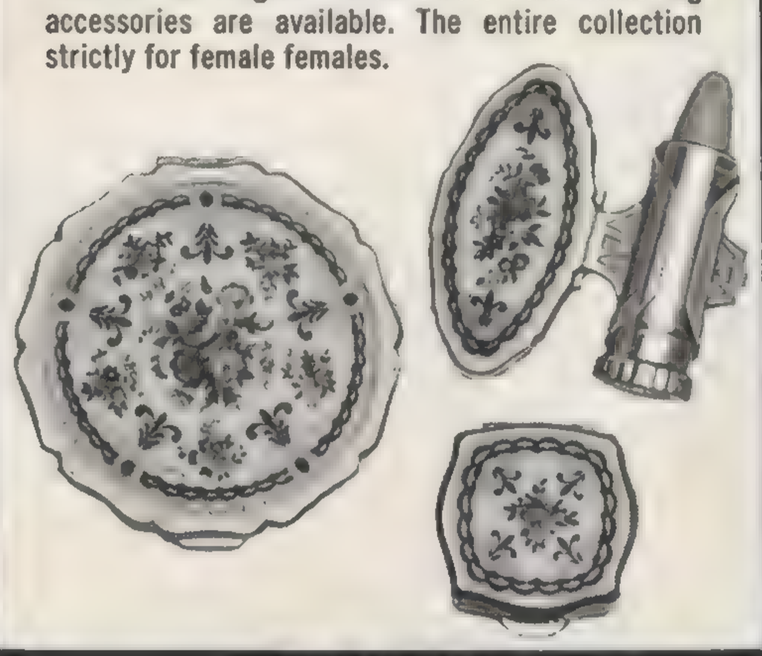


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VOGUE'S

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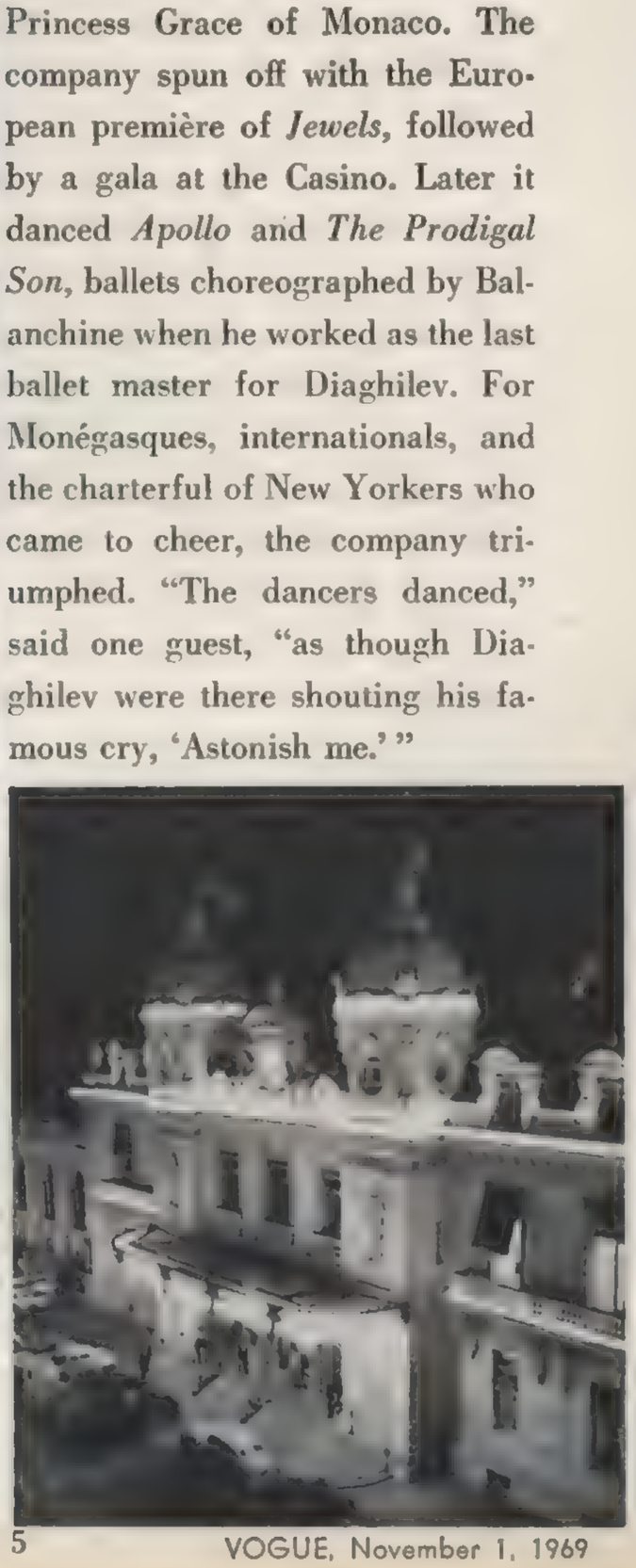


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Leaping high and fast, the New York City Ballet with George Balanchine flew to Monte Carlo for the Serge Diaghilev Festival steered by T.S.H. Prince Rainier III and Princess Grace of Monaco. The company spun off with the European première of *Jewels*, followed by a gala at the Casino. Later it danced *Apollo* and *The Prodigal Son*, ballets choreographed by Balanchine when he worked as the last ballet master for Diaghilev. For Monégasques, internationals, and the charterful of New Yorkers who came to cheer, the company triumphed. "The dancers danced," said one guest, "as though Diaghilev were there shouting his famous cry, 'Astonish me.'"



5

NOTEBOOK



6

1. T.S.H. Prince Rainier III and Princess Grace of Monaco arriving at the Casino. 2. Dancers of the ballet, Linda Merrill and Edward Villella. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Arpels and the ballerina Virgina Stuart. 4. Señor Alfonso Fierro and Mrs. Yul Brynner. 5. The Monte Carlo Casino. 6. George Balanchine with dancers at the Garnier Theatre. 7. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Notz. 8. Mrs. Howard G. Cushing, Jr., and Mr. Roy Leaf. 9. Marqués and Marquesa de Villaverde, and their daughter, Carmen Martínez Bordiú. 10. Ballet stars Gloria Govrin, Richard Rapp, Arthur Mitchell, Patricia Neary.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Movies

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice, "*expert satire*"

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice can be described to readers of John Updike as *Couples* West. Let us place particular emphasis on the "West." Where Updike invested his study of promiscuity in Ipswich with appropriate New England dourness, this witty new film—written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker—could only have been set in California, that citadel of Now, that home of hedonism and discontent, that terrifying premonition of all our futures.

The film's couples are in their early thirties—too old to have grown up on marijuana but too young to retire to the golf course. One funny scene shows them getting stoned, but in moments of crisis they shout for Scotch. They see themselves as swingers, though, and exist in a world of beads, turtlenecks, ruffled shirts, Nehru jackets, and dark glasses.

Carol and Bob go to a group-dynamics institute in the California hills. Purged and regenerated, they decide on a policy of total truth. Soon they involve their somewhat skeptical friends in a course of sexual experimentation. The four grope ludicrously in the pursuit of happiness until they prepare for a quadrilateral orgy in a Las Vegas hotel. Alas, they find to their shame they can't go through with it. Monogamy triumphs after all.

No doubt the young will regard the ending, in one of the film's favourite words, as a cop-out. But actually the film is not Now at all. It is an old-fashioned romantic comedy disguised as a blue picture. Twenty years ago, Jack Carson and Ronald Reagan would have starred, and everything would have been at a lower pitch. Here as elsewhere we escalate: Fornication replaces kissing, bare bosoms replace cleavage, pot replaces liquor, words like "orgasm," "impotent," "intercourse," "crap" adorn the dialogue. But the essential innocence remains.

For the rest, the satire is expert—sharply written, well and drily observed, and generally very funny. Paul Mazursky's direction is somewhat influenced, I would judge, by the Cassavetes of *Faces*. The close-ups are tight and constant; and the dialogue is filled with interruption, irrelevance, repetition, and people talking over each other. The acting could not have been better: Natalie Wood crying "beautiful" at each new expression of modern candour; Dyan Cannon giggling through a scene with a deadpan psychiatrist; Robert Culp pursuing the free life with earnest intensity; Elliott Gould struggling out from under his stoned friends as they clutch each other on the couch.

Cactus Flower, "*prodigy of miscasting*"

I recommend *Bob & Carol*, et cetera, highly—to, among others. M. J. Frankovich, who produced both it and *Cactus Flower*. On the stage, this latter piece was redeemed by Abe Burrows's lines and by a marvellously gay and touching performance by Lauren Bacall. The makers of the film, in a prodigy of miscasting, elected to supplant Lauren Bacall with Ingrid Bergman. Comedy is not Ingrid Bergman's thing. Her performance is stolid, thumpy, and ultimately embarrassing. It will remind old-timers of Irene Dunne kicking up her heels. The film is "surefire" in the worst sense—laboured, mechanical, predictable. It runs on like a metronome. *Bob & Carol* is based on the observation of life. *Cactus Flower* is based on the observation of Broadway hits.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Books

BY ANTHONY WEST

Only One Year, "*genuineness of the innocence*"

There is a memorable essay by that much maligned writer Anatole France in which he recounts, with fascinated incredulity, the story of the last years of the unhappy Austrian princess who in her late teens was transformed by an unkind fate into Napoleon's Empress Marie Louise. What he could not bear was that she had been wholly unfitted for her rôle. Greatness had passed her by, leaving her absolute ordinariness untouched, and when her terrifying husband's Empire collapsed, she breathed a sigh of contentment and settled down to a life such as might have been organized by the daughter of a concierge who had won the big prize in the lottery.

Something of the sensations that affronted France as he read the former Empress's biography are bound to afflict the reader of this curiously sappy work, *Only One Year* (Harper & Row), by Svetlana Alliluyeva. Whatever one may think of Stalin, there can be no doubt that he achieved the status of a colossus, and that his shadow fell across the greater part of the globe for two generations. But his daughter's thing is the cosy. In a chapter boldly entitled Destiny she tells us that she is profoundly religious. "All the great religions of the earth have a high moral teaching in common," she says, and gives a brief summary of their precepts. "Far more people on earth," she goes on, "live by these commandments, by this eternal truth, than is commonly supposed." She adds to this the good news that, "Fortunately for us all, the eternal is indestructible."

Formalities are not, she is able to assure us, the essentials of religious experience. "All that is necessary is to have a heart open to goodness and truth." She has come to feel that "the best church of all is the sky's starry dome above." In that church she experiences "oneness with nature, with all embracing life, with the Universal Mind," and this fills her with "gladness, reverence, humility, and happiness," and a comforting sense that the major decisions in her life have been correctly taken. She couldn't, she thinks, have acted in any other way than she did. After all: "I knew that my life and destiny were in the hands of the Most High."

Svetlana Alliluyeva's American experiences have been of the order of her religious experiences. She has discovered that "the American Spring is like the country itself: abundant, rich, flowing over you like a full tide." There was something very Russian about the Kennans' farm in Pennsylvania, and her impression that this was so "was enhanced by the music from the movie *Doctor Zhivago*," which her hosts seem to have played for her with some persistence. The Kennans were very nice to her, and so was everybody: "In all the homes I visited I was always accepted as a friend. . . . Everywhere I had felt surrounded by the warmth of a good home." But none of this has spoiled her, she is still her old modest self: "On the Bridgehampton Beach Eleanor pointed out Truman Capote's house. He has been well known in the U.S.S.R. for a long time, but I'm no hunter after celebrities and, may Truman Capote forgive me, did not try to meet him on the beach." One keeps thinking, it's hard to say why, of Daisy Ashford's Mr. Salteena: It's the genuineness of the innocence, and the absolute absence of any depth to the perceptions.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Art

BY BARBARA ROSE

"Painting is alive and well"

Every year since Marcel Duchamp announced in 1918 that painting bored him, prophets have tolled the death knell for painting as an art unsuitable to the needs of a modern age. Now that we are on the verge of an even newer age, that tolling has become deafening. This year, however, I am happy to report that painting is alive and well and living in New York on 57th Street. It has assumed strange shapes (often literally), taken on weird colouring, stripped itself of stretcher bars to hug the walls, and otherwise transformed itself; but it remains true to its conventional origins to the degree that it is still a static-bounded experience and a unique object hung on a wall.

After a rather painful re-appraisal and a thorough cleansing in the purifying bath of Minimalism, painting, it seems, is about to re-emerge in the 'seventies healthier, bolder, and more energetic than it has been in some time. I base these rather far-reaching claims on recent viewing of paintings and a variety of wall hangings that might loosely be categorized as paintings by younger artists. Several significant developments are in the wind: A full-scale rethinking of Pollock's achievement is going on—not only by younger artists but also by such established painters as Poons, Davis, and Bannard—while methods of reconciling illusionism with flatness devised by Noland, Stella, and Olitski are also being investigated.

Although painterliness is clearly being revived, resemblances between current work and late Abstract Expressionism are a matter of superficial coincidence. The hallmarks of "action painting"—visible brush strokes, value contrasts, depicted shapes and/or drawing and relational composition—are a thing of the past for younger painters. They revere de Kooning and Kline, but they are looking at Pollock, Frankenthaler, and Louis for avenues out of Minimalism.

Symptomatic of these developments is the work of three young Abstract painters at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery. Elizabeth Greenleaf, Herbert Perr, and David Paul, all under thirty, have succeeded in combining a complex illusionism with an explicitly stated flatness in a variety of sophisticated solutions. All three are colour painters who reject the narrowness and literalism of Minimal art for a more complex and ambiguous image; all have rejected the figure-ground relationships exposed as exhausted by Minimalism. Otherwise, they are entirely dissimilar. Perr and Paul paint nature-related images, whereas Greenleaf is a geometric Abstractionist. Each insures flatness in a different manner: Greenleaf through shaping, Paul through painting his image behind plastic, and Perr by dividing his large fields into smaller rectangles to undercut illusionism with finiteness.

Their work, and that of other younger colourists like Sam Gilliam, a painter in Washington, D.C., is significant in taking a strong stand for the ability of painting to generate fresh images and experiences. But their common message seems also to be that painting can only do so by moving farther and farther from the limits of the easel convention. All three have gone beyond easel painting: Perr and Paul in the direction of the mural, and Greenleaf in the direction of the object. Their work, despite its originality, won't shock anybody, because essentially it is still painting. But it has a distinct advantage over the various types of art that would challenge painting. It may last.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ANN BIRSTEIN

The Royal Hunt of the Sun, "*still, it's fun*"

The Royal Hunt of the Sun is one of those movies that enlist your sympathies so soon there's not too much left to stick around for. The plot, as those who have seen Peter Shaffer's play of the same name will remember—except for me, whose connection with history has always been precarious—concerns Pizarro's rape of the Incas in Peru, surely one of the worst massacres in history: two thousand unarmed aborigines slaughtered in the name of Christ. Not for the first or the last time either: Substitute another god, another flag for the Spanish one and you've got it. Unfortunately, that's the thing, you've got it right away. The parallel is unmistakable and immediate: beautiful, beautiful Incas, looking much more like sons of God than the mangy Spaniards (it would be interesting to know the historical basis of this certainty), a camera lovingly focused on snow-capped distant Peruvian promontories, sand dunes as clean and curvy as modern sculpture, bridges shivering and swaying over dreadful gorges and, evidently, an awful lot of cut footage, because in the end there are unplumbed depths to this picture undreamed of in all our philosophies.

In fact, the curious thing is that, for all that *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* is supposed to be a thematic movie, it's hard to say what the theme is. To refer back to that plot for a moment: It begins when Pizarro (played by Robert Shaw), a Spanish soldier of fortune, fails to excite his cold-hearted king with his dreams of gold and glory in the New World. Then off to Peru and the friendly Indians; and although Pizarro was right, there *is* a lot of gold in them thar hills—at least so it seems, judging from all the gleaming hair ornaments, vests, and loin cloths—it no longer seems quite the thing to lust after it.

There's the usual exciting cowboy and Indian carnage and at the end of it the Inca Sun God (Christopher Plummer) is taken captive. This gentleman is so charismatic that eventually Pizarro comes to believe in his divinity as much as in Christ's and is therefore willing to see him put to death. (An uneasy compliment, but the bad guys are for it, too, because they've never forgotten about the gold in the first place.) Anyway, Plummer goes confidently to his strangulation, positive of his resurrection as are Pizarro and a cast of thousands, all Incas, and guess what? They're all wrong. Oh, well, as the publicity handout says, "Over the mountains the sun is rising."

And yet, and yet—it's really not so bad. Granted that you're supposed to nod your head sagely at the philosophy and suck in your breath at the scenery, the scenery is still there even if the philosophy isn't. Then, there are the actors, who seem to be having a marvellous time: the bearded, fire-breathing Robert Shaw, Henry VIII to the teeth, even though technically he's supposed to be a scruffy country bastard; Christopher Plummer, much happier here than in *The Sound of Music* because *he* gets to wear a long hippie hairdo and llama fun furs, and also to talk Inca, which means wheezing, clicking, and groaning his way through an assortment of godlike Indian emotions.

I suppose the proof of this pudding and also its problem is that weak thought and spotty dialect are best kept within the confines of the stage, and not inflated to the wide screen. Still, it's fun to watch that sun come over the mountains. The kids will like it.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Pop Music

BY RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

Sha Na Na,

"the unreal 'fifties"

Nostalgia is to pop what backlash is to politics: a yearning to get back, get back, get back to where we once belonged; a restoration that comes on funky-real but works as the flip side of desperation. Today, nostalgia is the single most pervasive quality in American culture. All American culture. Not only rock but virtually every area of political and aesthetic expression is immersed in what music people like to call "the search for roots," in which it is assumed that the topsoil is sterile and that whatever lies underneath has got to be more fertile.

So you dig, but not too far. Because the goal of nostalgia is always the not-too-distant past. The Chosen Era has to be near enough to be remembered but far enough away to be idealized. There's something about focusing your yearning around a Golden Age that breaks down once you start thinking about its actual days.

Then, too, there is the question of presentation. The difference between nostalgia and "tradition" is largely a matter of context. Tradition depends upon cultural continuity, but for nostalgia to work it must be packaged in terms of the corrupted present.

A nostalgic experience depends upon idealized contrast, and so, by necessity, "the search for roots" actually means a self-conscious re-creation of culture as fantasy rather than authenticity. Your British Blues Belter bears about as much relation to traditional Delta music as your backlash candidate does to the great reformer he says he is an incarnation of. Both are fabrications—and they make their living by reminding us of the way we like to think things used to be. Jeff Beck and Mario Procaccino are "nostalgic." They want to lead us back to Fundamental Truths.

Occupying the abundant space between these poles are phenomena like Sha Na Na. Named for an immortal scat refrain (inaccurately rendered but all the more charming for it), and composed of twelve accomplished collegiate vocalists, Sha Na Na "do" the 'fifties the way Ethel Merman "did" Annie Oakley: They play it for all it's worth, impaling an audience on its own fantasy-spokes with hand-jive, pseudo-punkery, and "authentically" preserved arrangements. That last achievement is no mean feat: Sha Na Na sound so much like those old 45's that you'll swear they keep a pet lamppost to rehearse under. The harmonies are close-cropped and opulent; the pre-Contac nasality a joy.

But Sha Na Na's Chosen Era is the 'fifties, and what's unfortunate is what they do with it. Although the group's press releases deny this, the act is as campy as any I've seen off the Meat Rack. The vocal ambience that is so well defined in sound gets buried in theatricality, and you're left with an image of the unreal 'fifties, more illusion than LS/MFT.

Sha Na Na call their music "neo-classic rock." I call it "nostalgic," and I wonder about its ultimate use. The Nazis equipped their most efficient death camps with loudspeakers blaring golden-oldie waltzes. When Sha Na Na gets into "Wipeout"—complete with simulated shrieking from the audiences—I wonder what they're preparing us for.



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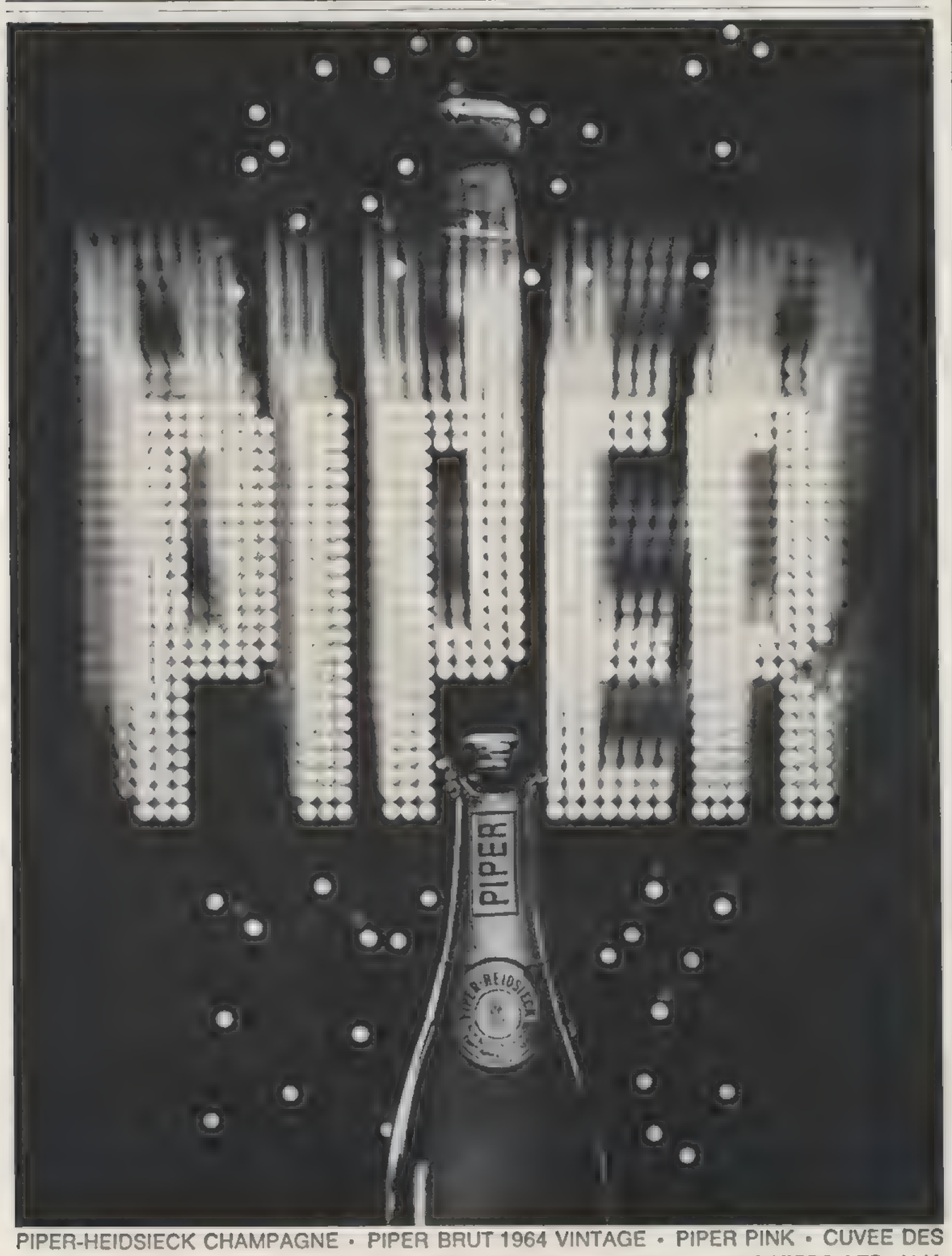
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

"The idea of subsidizing a feeling"

How would you like to buy a feeling—a "presence"? It can be done by bidding an amount of money to a group of artists known only by the initials LLIS, at 34 East 62nd Street in New York. The highest bidder will be notified of the existence of an "extraordinarily beautiful" work of art, which now belongs to him, but which he will never see. The group claims that it will conduct only one such sale and will sell only one object. They further promise to advise the purchaser of the completed transaction.

In point of fact, the nature, identity, and whereabouts of the acquired object will remain a mystery to the owner. All he knows is that *something* of a certain value is metaphysically a part of him. By concealing the identity and tangibility of the specific work, the artists who have produced it wish merely to accentuate its presence. What they are selling is the accentuation or the "energy" emanating from an unknown object.

This seemingly preposterous notion is nevertheless much in keeping with the current concepts of insubstantiality in art—of Earth Works which the slightest rainfall can erase, of Sea Works which, by their transitory nature, can never remain static or become tangible. It is, of course, possible to see Earth Works or Sea Works. Photographs can be taken, or one can hire a helicopter and fly over the vast designs.

LLIS has done away with all such possibilities. The group is concentrating exclusively upon one idea—the idea of subsidizing a feeling. Their aim is to produce a new relationship between a person and an object. Indeed, they wish the object to be of secondary importance. What they insist upon is the psychological climate produced by a blind sense of ownership.

In a letter sent to a number of art collectors, LLIS wrote: "Conceptually, owning the object should create in its owner a powerful presence, one that the object should be able to extend to its owner only because it is unknown to him. . . . Other people besides the owner may, of course, enjoy the concept of the work, but they can not live with, own, or will the work as he can. The owner will be perfectly free to sell or dispose of the work or object as he sees fit. The first owner should have the added satisfaction of having brought to life this work of art, since it should first manifest itself to him. Furthermore, if he chooses to die without passing it on to another, it will die with him."

Because this great sense of anonymity and mystery may produce no response whatever, LLIS is protecting itself, as well as potential owners, by documenting the objects. It will place the documentation in a bank. But LLIS quickly adds: "Should the owner discover the nature of the object or this documented information, he would destroy the work of art."

To give life to something intangible through the imagination is certainly not new. What is intriguing is the formalized approach: The accoutrements—money, receipts, banks—constitute the only tangible by-products. The fact that these hover over an unknown quantity, and release a feeling of charged wonderment, gives the experiment a certain sense of confoundment and dislocation. Finally, the primary involvement is conceptual: It gives the owner of the object enormous latitude of will and fantasy. He can imagine any object, and it will be his because he has paid for it.

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FOOD IN VOGUE

Pierre Androuët: Insatiable with cheese and snails

BY NINETTE LYON

In Paris, Pierre Androuët owns a shop with all the cheeses of France and all the best cheeses from other countries presented, just ripe, on straw mats with white celluloid labels. The cheeses' fragrance invites you in and on—one flight up to the restaurant named Androuët.

Erudite, a writer, maybe a poet of culinography, with a large collection of books on gastronomy, Pierre Androuët considers himself a bohemian more than anything else. His mother, who came from Rouergue, managed a dairy shop at 41 rue d'Amsterdam in Paris. His father started as a coachman for the Gervais Company, famous for their Petits Suisses, those delicious small rolls of cream cheese. While delivering cheeses to the dairy shop he met the woman he would marry. After their wedding he bought the shop in the rue d'Amsterdam. By concentrating on cheeses he developed a business unique in its field; his wife created the restaurant.

Androuët, senior, kept from his Breton origin a prejudice against snails and frogs. He would watch with disapproval as his wife and Pierre feasted on small snails gathered in the garden and sautéed in butter. Admittedly, they could be rather gluttonous: One day, between the two of them they ate two thousand two hundred (2,200) snails. Here, some almost equally gluttonous ways to splurge with cheese. *Recipes given for starred dishes.

An entire meal of cheese with appropriate wines—an "architecture" proposed by Pierre Androuët:

Cocktails:

Cubes of Cheddar, old Gouda, or Emmental cut "between the holes." A sherry, a Madeira wine, or a white Bordeaux wine mellow and aromatic as, for instance, a Graves.

Hors d'oeuvre:

Some rather mild and tart goat cheeses. White wine with a regional tang: Sauvignon de Sancerre, Pouilly-Fumé, Vouvray Sec.

Entrée:

The delicate cheeses—the range of Brie, Camembert, the Neufchâtel cheeses. A light, fruity Burgundy: Volnay, Savigny-lès-Beaune.

Pièce de résistance:

Stronger and saltier—the Livarot, the Limburger cheeses would harmonize well with a great wine from the Côte de Nuits: Chambertin, Bonnes-Mares, Morey-St.-Denis.

In place of sherbet to prepare your palate for dessert:

The blue-veined cheeses. Their savour is slightly astringent, so you either choose a wine rich in tannin —Côte-Rôtie, Hermitage, Madiran wine—or a more full-bodied wine such as Fitou (Corbières du Roussillon), Cahors, red Banyuls—or even a natural sweet wine from Banyuls. Or, in the British tradition, a Port, preferably a snappy Vintage Port.

Dessert:

Cottage cheese with sugar, fresh or poached fruit, and heavy cream.

Menu I

Cocktails with cheese cubes, olives, cashews, walnuts

Croquettes de Camembert*

Côte de veau Cordon Bleu*

Gratin Jurassien*

Salade verte au fromage

Petit plateau de fromages

Chinon or Bourgueil wine

Menu II

Salade Bernoise*

Poisson Mornay

Pommes vapeur persillées

Grand plateau de fromages

Muscadet and Corton wines

Côte de veau Cordon Bleu

Split the veal cutlets without separating the two layers, stuff each with a slice of ham previously blanched, and with grated cheese, either Fribourg or Comté (Gruyère). Sauté slowly in butter or veal-kidney suet. When done, cover with a thin slice of the same cheese and pass quickly underneath the broiler until golden.

Croquettes de Camembert (serves 4 or 5)

1 Camembert (ripe but not runny)
2 or 3 thin pancakes
1 cup of rather liquid fritter batter

Scrape off the crust from the Camembert and cut it in four or five equal parts, then shape into fat sticks like small quenelles. Cut up the pancakes in the same number of pieces and wrap each cheese portion in a pancake. Dip in batter and deep fry at 300° for 4 or 5 minutes. Drain on a napkin or absorbent paper and serve.

Gratin Jurassien

Rub a fireproof dish with garlic and butter it lavishly. Cut raw potatoes in round slices about ⅛ inch thick. (See the trick, below.) Alternate layers of potato slices and grated Swiss cheese until the dish is half filled, then pour over light cream seasoned with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Sprinkle the top with more grated Swiss cheese, add a few lumps of butter. Put in very moderate oven (350°) for 45 to 60 minutes (2 hours if the potatoes have not been scalded).

The trick: put the potato slices in a big saucepan filled with cold salted water, bring to a boil and let boil for 1 minute, drain, and run cold water over them. This way the starch is taken out, the potatoes will not stick together, and the cooking time is reduced.

Salade Bernoise

According to the season, take white cabbage, green cabbage, or celery stalks and cut into fine slivers. Mix with the same amount of Swiss cheese cut into sticks. Season with either a strong oil-and-vinegar dressing containing French mustard and caraway seeds, or with heavy cream mixed with horseradish. Let the salad macerate for a couple of hours and serve on crisp lettuce leaves with quarters of hard-boiled eggs or crumbled hard-boiled egg yolks.



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A. ARIES, MAR. 21-APR. 19 · B. TAURUS, APR. 20-MAY 20 · C. GEMINI, MAY 21-JUNE 20 · D. CANCER, JUNE 21-JULY 22 · E. LEO, JULY 23-AUG. 22 · F. VIRGO, AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
G. LIBRA, SEPT. 23-OCT. 22 · H. SCORPIO, OCT. 23-NOV. 21 · I. SAGITTARIUS, NOV. 22-DEC. 21 · J. CAPRICORN, DEC. 22-JAN. 19 · K. AQUARIUS, JAN. 20-FEB. 18 · L. PISCES, FEB. 19-MAR. 20

HOROSCOPE

November 1 through November 15

ARIES. March 21 to April 19. The first cardinal (energetic), Fire (eager) sign. On the 1st to the 4th you are stimulated into completing a plan you began a long time ago. It can reach a successful conclusion. If your business associates are not in total agreement, then wait until after the new moon, the 9th, to re-engage their cooperation. Mars, your ruler, changes signs on the 5th entering Aquarius—a sign most harmonious to you. The 14th presents an unexpected offer involving a heavy responsibility. Wait for twenty-four hours before accepting.

TAURUS. April 20 to May 20. *The first fixed (will-power), Earth (strength) sign. Relax on the 1st and 2nd to be in complete control of a situation presented on the 3rd. It is the most important opportunity of the year. If you are too overwhelmed to make a judgment, wait until the 9th, the new moon, to feel really assured. Venus, your own ruler, changes signs on the 11th entering Scorpio, your opposition. If you waited until the 14th, the idea or offer would fade.*

GEMINI. May 21 to June 21. The first mutable (bright), Air (tense) sign. The month may start slowly, not responding to your thoroughly earnest efforts, but remain steady. Suddenly on the 5th, the wheel of destiny spins for you. Keep the pace straight through to the new moon on the 9th. Relax on the 10th to consider the many proposals of associates. Do not hurry into acceptance until the 13th or early on the 14th. You will be more than satisfied with the way you have carefully chosen.

CANCER. June 22 to July 22. The second cardinal (tactful), Water (shy) sign. You may have to allow the opposition their prerogatives during the first four days. Initiate forcefully all that will work to your advantage on the 5th. The new moon on the 9th in Scorpio, a Water sign harmonious to you, gives you control over those in authority. It would serve you best to use the 13th and 14th to reach an understanding with someone you love.

LEO. July 23 to August 22. *The second fixed (brave), Fire (royal) sign. Research or investigate ideas for later use the first five days. The 6th and 7th provide reasons to act on the new information. The new moon, a test to you, makes the 11th an important day for you to cooperate with all associates who hold power. Very early on the 15th try to accomplish as much as possible to get your own program back in working order. It is your very best day.*

VIRGO. August 23 to September 22. The second mutable (critical), Earth (services) sign. You will be extremely active the first four days. You are opposed because of technical reasons from the 5th to the 10th. This troublesome period reveals significant, useful information. The new moon becomes effective for you on the 11th. You may then expect splendid returns on your earlier activities. The real triumph is on the 15th.

LIBRA. September 23 to October 23. The third cardinal (gentle), Air (charitable) sign. The month begins with so many interests for you that you may find it difficult to respond to the most urgent. Resolve the way you feel about your loved one on the 3rd. Postpone acceptance of the business offer you receive on the 4th until after the 10th. Reserve the 10th to resolve a personal dream you wish to come true. There is only the 15th—a very reliable day—to sign a business contract. Do not rush into marriage or a new relationship. There is time enough for that.

SCORPIO. October 24 to November 21. *The third fixed (resolved), Water (quiet) sign. Everyone will or should agree with you on the first day. Your native power is on the ascendency until the 4th. You change pace on the 5th—you are right. The new moon changes the scene for you on the 10th. You are devoting all activities to someone you love. To demand attention may not quite succeed until the 15th, your best winning day.*

SAGITTARIUS. November 22 to December 21. The third mutable (good thinker), Fire (jovial) sign. The Water and Air signs seem to be having all the fun. With the moon in Fire the first three days, you can feel assured that you are truly loved on the 3rd day. From the 4th to the 10th all business partners or business associates are in total agreement with you. Try to get as many contracts or signatures as possible during this rush of an excellent beneficial period.

CAPRICORN. December 22 to January 19. The fourth and last cardinal (ambitious), Earth (quality) sign. Mars, the planet of action, in your sign during the first four days is supported by the visionary Neptune which makes your rôle very important and heavy with serious considerations. This is a history-making period for you. From the 5th to the 9th initiate the new. Avoid the 10th to the 14th. Too many restrictions and distractions. A small surprise on the 15th eases tensions.

AQUARIUS. January 20 to February 18. *The fourth and last fixed (dominant), Air (witty) sign. You are in! Your ruler, Uranus, in the social sign of Libra is in great company with Mercury, Venus, and Jupiter as the month begins, giving you star-billing. Make your choices. Consider the first four days. Sign on the 5th for a new power. After the 9th, on the new moon, take an important journey in search of an important new idea. The 14th and 15th are prize days to broadcast your brave new ideas.*

PISCES. February 19 to March 20. The last mutable (mysterious), Water (modest) sign. Your ruler continues to occupy the sign of power, Scorpio. Its vibration gives you the force to gain fame. The first day is good to you. Continue to act, seek out, sign, or communicate until the 5th. Exactly on the new moon, the 9th, devote yourself to the one you love. Sign a document on the 14th that guarantees the realization of a divine dream.

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

Be new.
Be natural.
Be now and forever.
But be sure.
Sure as new Kotex napkins–
now with deep-downy
Soft-Impressions®!

GOWN BY ANTHONY MUTO FOR JOBERE—SHOES I. MILLER—JEWELRY MAMIE N.

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ALL FOR THE GENTLE SEX
FROM KIMBERLY-CLARK

VOGUE'S DECORATING FINDS AND IDEAS FOR FASHIONS IN LIVING



1



2



3



4



News . . . made-to-order

1. Silver plating wickerwork transforms a straw tray into a shining place mat, $30 ea., a bold cachepot into a unique wine cooler, $95. Then add silvered shells with place cards, $20 ea. The Very Thing—Stephen Barany, 149 E. 72nd St., N. Y. **2.** Baskets lined with cotton prints of your own choosing include antique ones to hold needlework, $35 to $50; bread-shaped ones, $13; or tray-shaped ones with the fabric under glass . . . Mrs. Carter Burden uses them for breakfast. . . . 22″x15″, $25. A new Joy-like potpourri in a tiny basket, $10. Boutique de la Cuisine, 200 E. 61st St., N. Y. **3.** William Baldwin imports this beautiful, hamper-sized basket, $18. Baldwin & Martin, 2 E. 62nd St., N. Y. The basket can be tin-lined, filled with plants or flowers at: Parrish-Woodworth, 680 Madison Ave., N. Y. **4.** An extraordinary bookcase covered in glove-smooth black calf is as finely made as a Swiss watch. Its ¾″ bevel-edged plate glass shelves rest on great knobby brass bolts. $1,800. To order in any leather or size. Here, on the shelves: the gilded straw box which the Duchess of Windsor took back to Paris, $80; gilded shells, $60 and up. Everything from Karl Springer, 306 E. 62nd St., N. Y. **5.** For lovers of baroque music there is news from Bucker & White . . . one a sculptor, the other a painter . . . who lovingly make by hand clavichords, harpsichords, and virginals. Each is a sculpture, each takes more than a year to build. Shown is a virginal with baroque legs, each representing a different European style of the baroque, and painted a delicious orange and green, $1,800. All have been exhibited at, and are to order from, The Richard Feigen Gallery, 27 E. 79th St., N. Y. **6.** A household computer can program menu-making, balance checkbooks, keep track of an investment portfolio . . . do everything but cook. Honeywell's Minicomputer is yours for $10,600 which, of course, includes a two-week course in programming computers. Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Texas. **7.** St. Crispin's Bindery has the answer to letter writing while en route . . . Kid-finish self-sealing notepapers in compact cases of luxury leather. 100 white, or off-white sheets in an alligator calf case $35, smaller size in tan ostrich case, $30. Address is imprinted in black on the back flap, the name on the inside. A man's folio tucks a 100-sheet block of Major Gray paper into a black calf folio. 100 envelopes fit opposite. $60, including two more pads and the imprinting. At all of the Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **8.** Clearly a firescreen: ¾″ tempered plate glass with hinged squares of heavy polished brass. $550. Imported by Mac II, 129 E. 81st St., N. Y.



5

6

7



8



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Inside this leather-textured kit is the subtle, distinctive aroma of JRP. The fragrance of the new man.

The JRP kit contains a cream foam for shaving, an after shave conditioner and cologne. (Just three of nine new man-conditioners that'll make him something that's a little bit more.) And it's yours with a $5.00 purchase of the JRP line.

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After Shave Lotion 4 oz., $6; 8 oz., $10. **Cologne** 4 oz., $8; 8 oz., $12; 32 oz., $35. **Look Fit Bronzer** 3 oz., $5.
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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

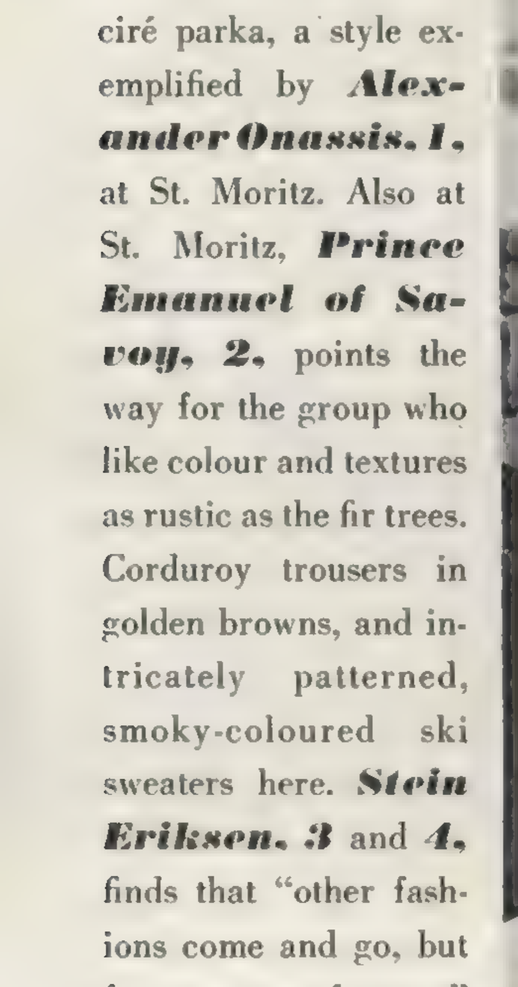
Slashing across the ski slopes this year . . .

in St. Moritz, in Snowmass-at-Aspen, in Portillo, men with the freewheeling approach to dressing for ski that is the prerogative of every man who's mastered style and form in his skiing . . . and his dress. Now the styles break down into three big groups. The choice is as wide as the blue sky.

Bold colour: scarlet, chrome yellow, black, racing-stripe pants, appliquéd shoulder stripes on a glistering nylon ciré parka, a style exemplified by ***Alexander Onassis, 1,*** at St. Moritz. Also at St. Moritz, ***Prince Emanuel of Savoy, 2,*** points the way for the group who like colour and textures as rustic as the fir trees. Corduroy trousers in golden browns, and intricately patterned, smoky-coloured ski sweaters here. ***Stein Eriksen, 3*** and ***4,*** finds that "other fashions come and go, but fur goes on forever," consequently still wears a seal parka he's had for ten years. This year's replacements: a natural rock seal parka with zip front, $850, and a belted dyed hair seal, $800, both by Mr. Fred for Fur & Sport: Abercrombie & Fitch; Stein's Little Shop, Snowmass-at-Aspen. The ski champ's boots, Astral Super-Nordica model, $140 at Scandinavian Ski Shop.









JACK ROBINSON

If her
skin has
a pearly,
polished
sheen
like the
interior of
a seashell . . .

and if
she looks
faintly rosy
and young
and
overwhelmingly
touchable . . .

it's a cinch
there's
Super-Moist
Cream
between her
face and
her make-up.





PENN

WHAT PRICE GLORY?

Often very dear, dears.
As when you play with this
magnificent kind of pure-white fire.
Fire without smoke or flaw.
Fire banked in the
prisms of a perfect emerald-cut
diamond, scattering its lights—its seductive
rainbow of blues to blazing reds—
with splendid prodigality.
It weighs an extraordinary 71.73 carats,
and costs and costs.

But for a tip on the next makeup,
not a sou: we give you, here, free as air,
a splash of scarlet over one eye and a splash
of bright green over the other to let you know
there's a new excitement and vitality of
colouring coming into makeup now, and coming in
a blaze of glory. . . . The blaze of glory from
Harry Winston is bordered with round diamonds and
hung from a necklace of same—timeless, indestructible,
an investment in pleasure. And with the change,
go right out and key up your maquillage—and treat
yourself to the fashions in the pages ahead: lots of
pleasure there, too, and prices any girl can enjoy.



FASHION TO ENJOY— THE PRICE IS RIGHT— THE GIRL IS CHÉR



$13,300 for the bracelet shown twice, opposite, on the arm of Chér—she of Sonny and—with her own glorious hair wrapped around as a backdrop. The fashion here, dazzlingly enjoyable. You get: 164 diamonds set in a domed oval of platinum, a few spilling out in charming sprinkles at the sides. Total caratage, 16.93. All, the centrepiece of a smashing design by David Webb, done in solid 18-karat gold with a heavily chased Etruscan finish. Durable—could last a couple of lifetimes. Washable. Won't shrink. A good catch. And, by that second lifetime its value could well increase.... Considering all this, the tab figures. Right? Right.

$123 to acquire this joy—a long look of black glossy jersey to wear, as Chér does, in stark outline on a marvellous figure, or to decorate with your own inventions in glitter. This look breaks into two: a long-sleeved leotard with low neck, a long wrapped skirt to tie on at the hips. By Jon Haggins, of Encron polyester jersey (Stretchnit fabric). At Henri Bendel; Joske's Houston. More enjoyable fashion at a price, worn by Chér, on the next eight pages. All coiffures by Suga.

AVEDON


FASHION AT A PRICE
YOU CAN ENJOY
PANNE IN CHAINS.
SILVER ROMPERS

AVEDON

$:86

worth of knitted panne velvet
in light-catching silver, poured
over Chér's cool-$million figure.
The dress, left, to the ankles,
with long sleeves, low neck
laced with a silvery chain.
By Herald Boutique, designed by
Stella Brooks. At Saks Fifth Avenue.
Sandals at the Aliata Boutique.

$110

romping in with close-to-the-body
silver-coloured knit, right--
gilding the space between Chér's
great head of hair, long long legs.
Shaped to a leotard with ribbed
top and buttons, a little overskirt
of the same. By Juliano Knits,
of Lurex and acetate knit.
At Bloomingdale's;
Marshall Field; I. Magnin.



$90

for a short shine, this page, of green-printed metallic chiffon with long sleeves, high neck, very short skirt. For more twinkle, a guest belt and headband with big coloured stones. Dress (with its own belt) by A. S. Costumes, of rayon and polyester woven with metallic threads. At Lord & Taylor; Famous-Barr; I. Magnin. Belt and headband by Adity.

$35

groomed for stardom, opposite, with the Chér hair swinging—30″ from scalp to stop. Two bits of black nylon jersey with stars coming out in white: a T-shirt top, short-sleeved, pulled long over a vestigial skirt. By Patti Cappalli for Addenda, of Enkalure nylon (Carjer Looms fabric). At Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Both pages: boots by Herbert Levine.

FASHIONATA PRICE YOU CAN ENJOY— LITTLE LOOKS TWINKLING

CHER

AVEDON



CHÉR



FASHION AT A PRICE YOU CAN ENJOY— TIED-UP DRESS, TIE-DYED PANTSUIT

$135

for two halves of a long dress of purple jersey, opposite— both wrapped, tied, and marvellous on Chér who, after her success in *Chastity*, is planning another movie, title undecided (after *Chastity*, what?). Dress by Halston, of Enkalure nylon jersey by National Looms. Sandals at Takashimaya.

$300

—and pas si cher as it seems— to enjoy the coeur-warming rewards of velvet pants and a long jacket, left, tie-dyed in fascinating spots of tans and browns. By Halston, of Rit tie-dyed velvet by Up Tied. Bernardo sandals. Both turnouts at Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz; Charles Gallay, Los Angeles.

AVEDON



FASHION AT A PRICE YOU CAN ENJOY—GAUZE AND EFFECT

$80

for the gauziness of a semi-see-through dress the colour of apricots, left—on Chér whose new album, *3614 Jackson Highway*, was recorded at that address in Muscle Shoals, Alabama ("studio crummy, musicians great"). Dress to the floor with long angel sleeves, a low neck, tiny buttons down the front. At the waist: a string tie, or a chance for something glittery. By John Kloss for Cira, of Caprolan nylon tricot. Mid-November at Henri Bendel; Swanson's; Joseph Magnin. Sandals from Taka-shimaya.

$185

takes a short dress of mauve gauze, right, that comes on in a cloud of pleats—the long full sleeves, a long pleated scarf. Rest of the dress: a narrow little play-down of shape. By Kasper for Joan Leslie, of polyester chiffon (Kabat fabric). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus.



THE GREAT TAMERLANE COATS OF

DIOR...

LONG CHEMISE-TUNICS AND PANTS



Bold mink-lined Mongol coats, *right,* sweep down over the calf in a splendid glitter of Tartary colour and barbaric arabesques. One is sleeveless and straight in lacquer-red wool, one is sleeved and belted in chrome yellow—long Tamerlane curls tumble out from under each small scarf-wrapped head. Moreau red wool over Abraham black jersey; Raimon yellow wool over Abraham white crêpe. The long chemise-tunic, *left*—the point of the whole look, skinnying down to seven-eighths' length over flared pants; just a drawstring tie at the neck. In black jersey and worn with "casual diamonds"—the real thing—beneath the red coat. Both turnouts, to order at I. Magnin. Carita coiffures.

PENN



THE FAKE FUR TUNIC-COATS OF CARDIN... AND HIS POINTED BIAS KNIT SKIRT



Fake seal, fake leopard, fake leather, *above*, putting on quite a little tunic act, complete with turtleneck, next-to-nothing jersey skirt, and cableknit tights; the proportion is the whole thing—half tunic, half booted leg. Coats of Dynel and polyacrylic (Tyberghein fabric). Leonard wool jersey. A fringed scarlet knit throw, *right*, is slung over the hips at a bias tilt and held there by loops at the waist—plenty of rib knit above, plenty of boot below. Skirt, to order at Bonwit Teller. Cardin tights and boots. The coiffures by Carita.

PENN







THE RED-HOT ZING OF
STRIPES...
SPILLED OVER COOL COOL WOOL, PLUS RED LEGS

Hottest stripes going, *left,* streaking down in molten ribbons over a cool little ripple of black wool—throatbanded high, belted snug. Calderon belt. Thomas Robbins ring. Desbruères bracelet. Phoenix red tights. Herbert Levine boots. Wig by Walter Fountaine. White-hot zingety-zing for the eyes—Aziza's new Wavemakers, all set to stripe lids and brows. Zinging molten red on white wool, *above,* another fiery rundown of stripes; the dress, innocent as a toddler's, is just gathers at the neck and loose and light from there—a matching scarf streamered about the arm. Hudson red tights. Coiffure by Phillip of Vidal Sassoon. Woolmark dresses by Bill Blass; prints designed by artist Gerald Laing and printed by Brendan Mills, a division of Anglo Fabrics. Both, available mid-November at Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's, Cleveland; Neiman-Marcus.

CHANEL

Her force de frappe—total luxury, utter simplicity

Luxury . . . simplicity . . . when these elements are fused, you have couture at its best. You have in fact the clothes of Chanel. . . . Her understanding of luxury is complete; her insistence on simplicity, absolute. Only this woman could produce such clothes. "She knows and loves every aspect of luxury," wrote one interviewer, "yet she would throw it away this minute to prove a point—*her* point." . . . In her triumphant 1969 collection, clothes fall simply, easily, almost slackly against the body, the lines fluid—yet with the most precise fitting where it counts. Fabrics, as always, magnificent . . . the softest meltingly-coloured tweeds, the most splendid brocades, velvets. Final touches delicious . . . stiff little white curé collars; a gold-and-amethyst cross pinned to a white camellia. . . . Backstage at Chanel, Katharine Hepburn studying Chanel herself—her gestures, her attack—to prepare for her starring rôle in *Coco*, the Alan Jay Lerner-André Previn musical based on Chanel's career. Out front, Cecil Beaton sketching, making notes for his costumes and sets for the same show—scheduled to open in New York in December, with Coco herself in the audience. . . . Here, worn by the beautiful Marisa Berenson, right, a ravishing turnout of fluid white crêpe . . . a sleeveless, entirely pleated dress with a little rolled shirt collar, a small-sleeved coat luxuriously lined in white mink. Worn with a torsade of seed-pearls, a torrent of gold-and-pearl chains. . . . More Chanel, next two pages.



ARNAUD DE ROSNAY







CHANEL

The great Chanel 1969 suit, left—a soft, meltingly delicious new version of her perennial triumph, in pink-honey-and-white hound's-tooth checked tweed. Long jacket with a double stand-up collar—tweed on the outside, starched white organdie inside; white organdie cuffs . . . proper little stiff white collars and cuffs cropped up all through her collection. . . . Belt of gold-and-ruby squares; ruby cross on a gold chain around the neck. Chanel's great hipster pants, right—soft, creaseless, rounded, in black bouclé wool; and one of the luxurious little hipbone-length tops she likes to put over them . . . a pink wool cardigan gleaming with gold thread and pink paillettes, bound in red-and-black grosgrain. All coiffures by Guillaume.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY





THE WORD IS FAST
THE GLOW IS HEALTH
THE FUR IS WOLF
THIS IS THE GOOD LIFE
THIS IS

THE SKI LIFE

Snow, glorious snow! Veruschka found it at Falls Creek, Australia—track her for six great ski-and-after pages. Lone wolf in snow forest, left: to wear after skiing, one of the most beautiful coats ever, natural Canadian wolf all the way to the ground, open here over a lean black stretch jumpsuit and wolf gaiters. Coat by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon (to order). Jumpsuit by Head Ski & Sports Wear, of wool, nylon, and Lycra. $175. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Glentex head scarf. Gaiters: Mr. Fred for Fur & Sport.

Cry wolf, more wolf, above, for a zipped, hooded short coat to ski or after-ski—natural Western wolf belted here over brown ski jeans of waterproofed cotton corduroy. Coat and gaiters by Mr. Fred for Fur & Sport. At Miss Bergdorf Fur Boutique of Bergdorf Goodman; Stein's Little Shop, Snowmass-at-Aspen. Coat, also at Swanson's; Joseph Magnin. Pants by Fusalp for Beconta: Alpine Ski Shop, New York. Calderon belt. White wool gloves by Hansen.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

LEATHER AND FRINGE AND COWBOY HATS THAT'S THE GREAT SKI LIFE

Wild woolly weskit, left: natural Spanish lamb with curly wool warm-side in, belted over a rosy nylon turtleneck, Dacron-and-wool knit pants. After-ski turnout by Head Ski & Sports Wear. At Scandinavian Ski Shop. Ruza Creations band. Fringed poncho, above, of alpaca in natural shades of brown—super-duper after-ski with cowboy hat, brown cord jeans. Hand-knitted poncho by Read & Emmerich, about $40. Altman's; B. Forman. Scandia turtleneck. Waterproofed jeans by Fusalp for Beconta. Necklaces by Stanley Postek for Nautique Arts; Rana. Mittens: Icelandic Imports. Kickerino boots.



Fringed ruana, left: beige wool, perfect spring-ski cover—at noon, spread it on the snow for a picnic blanket, after-ski, slip it over chamois-colour over-the-boot pants swaddled with wolf gaiters. Ruanas by Katy, about $40. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. White Stag acrylic-and-nylon stretch ski pants. $30. Altman's. Casa Moneo necklace. Gaiters by Mr. Fred for Fur & Sport. Hats with both ponchos: Champ Hats for Jean-Claude Killy. Poncho settings: Norma Tullo's Falls Creek house. Short shiny red parka, above—good news every way this year: short, ciré, red-hot colour—quilted nylon, lots of snap. Anba of Austria from Brunswick. $75. Streeter & Quarles, New York. Glentex scarf. Baar & Beards mittens. Volkl skis: Scandinavian Ski Shop. Head poles. Wine-stop in wind-shirt and cowboy hat, right: great-looking blue poplin shirt of cotton-and-polyester, about $25; matching over-the-boot ski pants of wool, Du Pont nylon, and Lycra (Heller fabric), about $65. These, plus gloves, turtleneck, by Head Ski & Sports Wear. Saks Fifth Avenue. Windbreak and pants: Osborn & Ulland, Seattle; Meier & Frank. John Reynolds belt. This page, Champ Hats for Jean-Claude Killy: Streeter & Quarles.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



FAST FASTER
SHINE ON SHINE
RED ON RED!
IT'S
THE GREAT SKI LIFE

Warm-up black, above: nifty zippered jumpsuit of quilted nylon with leg zippers to the hipbone for easy exit when the morning's warmed up; may, of course, stay on all day. By Hauser Sport; Dacron fiberfill. $60. Halston cap, muffler, to order. All: Bloomingdale's. Boots by Raichle-Bass: Abercrombie & Fitch. Shine-up brown vinyl, near right: long belted safari jacket and over-the-boot pants with leg zippers for the warm-up rôle. By Ernst Engel, of nylon-lined vinyl. Each, about $70. At Abercrombie & Fitch; Higbee's. Cap, muffler, mittens by Icelandic Imports: Abercrombie & Fitch. Volkl skis: Scandinavian Ski Shop. Red's ahead, opposite page, top left: this year's super colour on skis—or snowmobiles—here, lean as a second skin, a snap-front, straight-leg stretch jumpsuit by Fusalp for Beconta, of Fibranne, nylon, and Lycra. $105. This, and Head skis: Saks Fifth Avenue. Gloves: Promark Gold Medal by Stein Eriksen. Quilted red jumpsuit and the great red boot, opposite page, centre left: get-red-and-go suit with high collar, over-the-boot pants—and these are *the boots*, bright-red, fibre glass, good and rigid over toasty soft-leather inner boots. White Stag jumpsuit, of Du Pont nylon ciré and Dacron fiberfill. About $65. At Lord & Taylor; Nordstrom Best. Emily Wetherby scarf. Wolf gauntlets by Alaska Arctic; boots by Raichle-Bass: Abercrombie & Fitch. Fibre glass skis by Volkl, at Scandinavian Ski Shop. Go weskit and knickers, opposite page, top right: long quilted weskit, hot-purple and belted over a green tunic and bright-blue knickers plus socks. By Michèle Rosier for V. de V., of nylon. Weskit about $30; tunic about $22; knickers about $25. Halston cap (to order). All at Bloomingdale's. Bright-blue ski mittens. Scandinavian Ski Shop. Fibre glass boots by Lady Rosemount. Emilio Pucci ski dress, opposite page, below right: ruffle-collared wool jersey dress—yes, dress—tunic-short over tights and matching knee socks; great little number for spring skiing. Headband: Princeton Skate & Ski. Grandoe gloves. K-2 Competition skis: Scandinavian Ski Shop. Lady Rosemount boots. On both pages: Northeastern Optical sunglasses and goggles; Head ski poles....Great stuff for sun-and-weather protection as you ski—Bonne Bell's Altitude Cream plus Kristi stick for lips.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI


alpine lodge

NOTES FROM THE SLOPES

BY MARY RUSSELL

Fast. It's the last word in skiing, sharp and lithe as an arrow in the air. A way of life. It's the promise of clear high days, sun on snow . . . silent descent and spray of powder. It's the effort, appetite, awareness. It's the good life, ski. Fast. . . . The new, fast boot is the red fibre glass boot (check back one page). It's Swiss, and ski instructors in Zermatt are wearing it. The news is not so much the colour as the material, though colour's a breakthrough, too (black has long been the sporty colour, now the fast one is red). Fibre glass, moulded for strength and warmth (the cry of the ski teachers: "Cold . . . all we do is wait while the people learn"). And, this boot has laced-up black leather slippers inside like the soft shoes boxers wear, so you can pad around lunchtime outer-bootless, also use inner boots after ski. . . . The new "space-boot," also a favourite of professionals. . . . The white boot is No. The only ski to own is fibre glass—all colours, red particularly. Step-in bindings. Poles lighter than ever. . . . The fast look is shiny. Shinymirror sunglasses, short shiny nylon parkas, shiny faces (baby oil), shiny after-ski (panne velvet pants). . . . The fast look is dégagé. It's the very individual way skiers put themselves together. Forget any form of uniform. Leotards are marvellous. Invent as you go along. The great thing is to ski well and look terrific. . . . The whole jeans and short-jacket look is a favourite. Real blue jeans are great (but not when it's cold—when you fall they soak right through, especially in powder . . . unless waterproofed, of course). The dressed-up cowboy. The furry vest in sheepskin. Long swingy shiny hair. . . . Hats are cowboy, fur, or the professional-looking knit cap pulled way down . . . best in stripes with the point straight up . . . best on girls with long hair streaming out. (A favourite for children is a pointy little red Peruvian cap.) . . . Fur everywhere—big bear mittens, chapkas, sheepskin coats or even big polar-bear rugs made into coats. Boys and girls in fur vests with corduroy jeans. . . . The gypsy-folklore look is strong, leaning toward the cowboy. The old first, Afghan jackets, still around. Ditto fringed suède jackets, striped Tunisian shirts (from London's Chelsea Antique Market), leather weskits, Peruvian ponchos (for after-ski strolls or spread on the snow as a picnic blanket). And the newest, the Swedish military sheepskin, a wonderful fur-side-in, hide-side-out, off-white, mid-thigh coat. The parka or anorak is still in, but it must be casual, like a zip-up waist-length jacket. . . . Pants—always the jeans look, in every fabric and for after-ski, the panne velvet pants from London. Hats big after-ski, hippied with the long skinny 30's scarfs (Chelsea Antique Market). . . . Ski pants are, above all, pants. Lean-legged, over-the-boot. That's what the top pro, Jean-Claude Killy wore—along with a thin yellow nylon parka—when he was in Zermatt to film his TV show. (He's due back in February with "The Killy Thing"—what sounds to be a gala week of ski, eat, drink, and merry.) . . . The trick is keeping the snow out of the boot (no cuff, naturally . . . the snow), but the old-fashioned *fuseau*, or in-boot stretch pant, is strictly for the non-with-it skier. There is a good over-boot pair with a tiny status buckle on the leg; hidden stirrup goes under the foot. The knicker lives . . . and the jumpsuit thrives—it's warm and very pretty, in shiny red nylon. Great warm-up suit, great dashing about in snowmobiles. What's pro: fast red pants, outside the boot, licking the leg. . . . (More ski notes on page 78)



AFTER-SKI APOGEE— THE EMBROIDERED MINK-LINED COAT OF

VICOMTESSE JACQUELINE DE RIBES

It's all part of the individual way skiers and after-skiers are putting themselves together these days....Jacqueline de Ribes—a terrific skier—had this coat made for her two years ago by Fernando Sanchez of Revillon, and became one of the first to wear a long coat over pants or very short skirts. Here, she wears it after-ski—this coat of many splendours glowing like a jewel on the snows of St. Moritz... entirely embroidered in brightly-coloured wool and silver and gold, completely lined in mink, dark mink rolling richly back over all the edges. Sable hat from Dior.

ALEXIS WALDECK



THE GREAT SKI LIFE
WIT AND DASH
ADDED BY

MRS. VERNON J. TAYLOR





A skiier of enormous dash, who thinks ski clothes should have more of it—that's Mrs. Vernon J. Taylor, Jr., of Denver and Vail, Colorado. Wherever she goes, Mrs. Taylor keeps an eye out for vervy bits of equipment to enliven her classic ski gear: here, some recent acquisitions... two swashbuckling Scottish sporrans, a U.S. Civil War soldier's cap (all, from antique shops here or abroad), and a Portuguese fisherman's knitted cap, far right....With fine impartiality, Mrs. Taylor owns two Civil War caps—blue and grey.

Mrs. Taylor's ideas are as practical as they are picturesque—take the sporrans, for example. They're worn by Scotsmen as purses, by Mrs. Taylor for exactly the same purpose—she tucks money, lip gloss, ski-lift tickets into them.... Lately, she's been on a military kick: recent hats include, beside the two Civil War caps, a British hussar's plumed busby said to have been worn at the Battle of Balaclava.





TONI FRISSELL

THE GREAT SKI LIFE AND THE CHAMPION STYLE OF SUZY CHAFFEE



"Ski clothes must be warm and practical, of course—but you should add something to express your own personality. Like a big belt with a huge buckle...or a floating scarf...or a little knitted cap with a cuff."... The speaker is Suzy Chaffee—shown, *right,* in her own long, belted coat of bright-red wool, in a hail of snowballs at Vail, Colorado. A tall, racy blonde of 22, with eyes as blue as the flame of a Bunsen burner, Suzy learned to ski in her native state, Vermont; was a member of the U.S. Women's Ski Team in the 1968 Winter Olympics at Grenoble; now skis for fun in the Alps or the Rockies. She also models in Paris and New York...goes scuba-diving in the Caribbean...has been in a ski film called *The Moebius Flip.*

"A well-cut jumpsuit gives you freedom of movement...makes you look tall and sleek," says Suzy Chaffee, and demonstrates, above, in the smashing silver-and-blue stretch jumpsuit Doug Burden designed for her to wear at Grenoble when she wasn't in uniform....*Left*, her silver ski helmet (by Bogner), white goggles with yellow lenses: "flattering to the eyes and good for almost all weather conditions."

TONI FRISSELL

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The numbing sedatives prescribed for the country to deaden the effects of the Viet Nam war, watched casually on television. . . . The flourish of inflation. . . . *I Can't Wait Until Tomorrow 'Cause I Get Better Looking Every Day* by Joe Willie Namath with Dick Schaap who have written a sharp and candid book about football and finances with Namath mentioning his "teammates—the stock brokers, insurance salesmen, restaurant owners, real-estate dealers, bankers and night-club singers who make up the New York Jets."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Civilization,* the thirteen BBC programs on art, ideas, music, and architecture, written and narrated by Kenneth Clark, Lord Clark of Saltwood—they were the glory of British television last winter—which are now being shown in series at New York's Town Hall on seven successive Tuesdays sponsored by New York University and the Metropolitan Museum of Art for their students and members through the sense and connoisseurship of Charles Wrightsman. . . . The Beatles' new album, *Abbey Road,* overflowing with McCartney melodies without his excesses. . . . *Battle of Britain,* a tremendous movie, celebrating the defensive flights of a fling of RAF pilots in their Spitfires and Hurricanes against the offensive German Heinkel bombers during sixteen frightful weeks of 1940 as they warded off the invasion of England.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Doug Kershaw, a Louisiana Cajun, fiddling on the trendy new recording "Cajun Ways." . . . *The Secret of Santa Vittoria,* a fantasy movie of an Italian village under Nazi occupation with all the peasants, according to Stanley Kramer, its producer, funny, dumb, misshapen, stumbling, the film shot desperately in smashing cutesy sunlight to a ballet score and choreography. . . . *As I Walked Out One Midsummer Morning* by Laurie Lee, a poet whose prose is disciplined and marked with staggering similes: aged Spanish women "folding their faces like old felt hats."

ERIC CLAPTON, ELECTRIC-GUITAR WORLD MASTER, whose idiocratic style has marked a whole rock generation. He is now part of the English rock honours seminar called Blind Faith along with three other experts: Steve Winwood, singing, song writing, playing four instruments; Ginger Baker on drums, playing bass with both feet; and Rick Grech with an amplified violin or bass guitar. Antecedents—Clapton and Baker were two-thirds of Cream; Winwood came from Traffic. Rick Grech, of Family, has had less recognition, finds it "nerve shattering to play with three of the greats." He was the needed link that brought these greats back to their partisans who bought out the tickets for their American tour before the group had ever been heard. On the record album *Blind Faith* (their first), Clapton's celebrated guitar sounds at times more like a horn sobbing and keening than music made by steel strings. This is especially true in a gospel song he wrote that rejoices: "I have finally found a way to live/ In the colour of the Lord."



DAVID GAHR

"The way I look is spectacular"

20 21 73—AND

Ever make a mistake?

I did. I told my age.

"Don't tell your age," said everybody.

I wish I'd listened.

"Why are you so preoccupied with how old you are?" asked Thornton Wilder. "Why do you have to tell everybody? I'm sure you say to a taxi driver, 'Drive me to 242 East 49th Street and you do know I am seventy-three years old.' "

It was a mistake.

"*Don't* tell how old you are," urged Lynn and Alfred.

They were right. At seventy-three I'm getting minor raves on my looks, but I'm caught in the middle. Who knows what seventy-three looks like? Who cares? But if I'd listened to friends I could now lie and say I'm eighty-three. For eighty-three, the way I look is spectacular. To look like this at eighty-three, I could start a trend. But who likes to be told things? Nobody.

So turn the page if you're doing all right, only *don't* tell how old you are, until you come up with a genuine attention-getter.

A lucky year for me was 1896. And another is 1969. Anything strike you? The 96 and the 69 don't grab you? Goodbye.

Do *you* pay the Government or does the Government pay *you*? And listen, Alfred, and listen, Lynn, and listen, Thornton, if I didn't tell my age, would my Uncle Sam send me that $149.60 every first of every month?

"*Such* a mistake to have friends!" said the Sitwells' father.

Do *you* think so?

I don't.

Rex Harrison sat on the edge of Vivien's bed. Downstairs at the party, she had turned white. "Come upstairs and lie down, darling," said Garson. He put his arm around her. She wasn't sick or anything, she felt forlorn. Lost. She, who always knew how to do everything so beautifully, now didn't know what to do.

So until she found out, she drank Pouilly-Fuissé.

Garson stood by the bed and Rex sat on the edge and stroked her arm. So gently. "Darling Viv, do you pee enough?" A world of love, a world of compassion was in his voice. "You have to, darling, it's the healthiest thing one can do." He stroked her wrists.

Rex knew that. And so did our Mara. Corn silk and fresh parsley tea were Mara's remedy. That's what she drank in Chile. And she drank it at 242 East 49th Street, where she did our laundry every day from eight until four. In seven years all she ever said to me was, "Hasta mañana," smiled and went out our kitchen door.

"Hasta mañana," I said and she was gone until mañana at eight.

She didn't speak English and I don't speak Spanish or Portuguese, so all we could say to each other was *hasta mañana*, but I drank her tea, made from corn silk and parsley, because Mara made me understand that in Chile they know it's good to pee.

She couldn't speak English, she couldn't speak French, but she knew pain when she saw it and one July morning our cook had a bad one. Mara went round the corner to Second Avenue Gristede's, bought ears of corn, took the corn silk and added a bunch of parsley, brewed a tea and pantomimed, "Drink it."

Suzanne did and by afternoon felt fine.

"Hasta mañana," and the smile.

Next day, Suzanne bought a Spanish lesson book. She and Mara sat across our marble-topped kitchen table and Suzanne picked up a usable language. And also picked up how to make the tea, because in Chile they know what they're talking about. Do you?

Jack Warner does.

One day Blake Edwards sat around his office on the Warner lot and thinking about his own health, wondered who he knew that looked the best. He came up with Jack Warner.

"What makes you look so great?"

"I piss a lot," said Jack.

Blake pursued the subject. Was he just naturally gifted that way?

"Mountain Valley Water. Never be without it," and off went Jack, via the Men's Room, to play tennis and later produce the musical *Jimmy* on Broadway.

That's how Rex and Mara and Jack feel good and another way to feel good is to get organized. We went to Le Pavillon one night, Le Pavillon that was where the Côte Basque now is. Always elegant, always beautiful, this night Le Pavillon had a new look.

"What's different, Mr. Soulé?"

A playwright, actress (with an Academy Award for "Rosemary's Baby,") and full-speed charmer writes about age– to be enjoyed but not felt

COUNTING

by Ruth Gordon

"Mr.-Mrs. Kanin. I will tell you. The business was becoming not *good*. The accountant said to me I must cut *down*. 'Business is off everywhere,' he said to me. 'And at Le Pavillon, *too*. You must cut down your *expenses*.' " Mr. Soulé moved the bowl of red and white roses a quarter of an inch toward centre. "Mr.-Mrs. Kanin. I said, '*No*. I must spend *more*. If business is no *good*, this means I must be *better*.' You see the flowers? More *beautiful*. The waiters? There are more. The lights? Are all changed. Mr.-Mrs. Kanin, they are not more *becoming*, yes? Mr. Kanin, please to look at Mrs. Kanin. Yes? The food is always good. The food I can *not* improve. But the menu. Look at the menu, Mr.-Mrs. Kanin, new *dishes*. *Gigot avec flageolets*. This we did not have *yesterday*. This is very good, I give you my word. Mr.-Mrs. Kanin. *Un poulet Basquais*. Ex-cellent! Mr.-Mrs. Kanin, tonight Le Pavillon, I give you my word, is become vraiment excell*ent*."

"But Mr. Soulé," said Garson, "when business is bad everybody cuts back, fires the secretaries, marks stuff down, and *you* spend more!"

"Mr.-Mrs. Kanin, I will tell you *something*. When things are not *successful*, you must get *better*. I give you my word. Mr.-Mrs. Kanin, you know how I know *this? Je suis bien organisé*."

When things don't swing, do you blame everybody else or do *you* do things better?

It's hard to do, but it's occupying. And that's *another* way to feel good. Gertrude Stein thought so. "It must be fine," she said, "to be a miser."

"Why?" asked Thornton.

"It's so occupying."

Who likes to be told things?

Nobody, but I'll listen to Mr. Soulé and Gertrude Stein. And I'll listen to Lillian Gish: "Keep your stocking drawer straightened out," she advised her sister, Dorothy, "and everything will be fine."

Why not try it? You might wind up with a million. Lillian did. When she wound up her great starring days, she had a million. Do you think it was *Way Down East* or her stocking drawer?

Why not keep yours straightened out, in case of a tie?

Where do *you* go for privacy?

I run a big house, but for privacy, I go for a walk. The walk to Beverly Hills village is lined with white brick, white stucco, pink stucco, buff stucco, grey stucco, half-timber, modern, shingled, and clapboard houses. Everything but a brownstone and all of them are pretty. Beverly Hills is a pretty place. Camden Drive is shaded by magnolia trees, Roxbury Drive is cooled by elms, and Beverly Drive's tall coconut palms let you take a walk in the sun. Something for everybody, but for me, privacy. Gardeners spray the rose bushes, clip the privet and arbor vitae hedges, water the lawn or tint the grass greener, but they, too, value privacy. In hello-dear Southern California, they and I do not even nod. Privacy is our bag. I walk my daily three miles and nobody looks out the window. Cars pass and mind their business. Could the last privacy in the world be a walk through Beverly Hills?

When you give a dinner party, do *you* hog your guest of honour?

We give ours the present of other guests. On Artur Rubinstein's right will be Edith Goetz. On his left Mia Farrow. Or Natalie Wood.

Dame Edith Evans will have other evenings to talk to Garson and me. On her right will be Gregory Peck, President of the Academy, on her left, Charlton Heston, President of the Screen Actors Guild.

"I, too, am a president," said Dame Ede in answer to Garson's after-dinner toast. "I am President of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art."

At our dinner in honour of Merle Oberon, where does she sit? At the head of her own Chippendale table. We rent the house from Merle.

Do *you* celebrate all holidays?

We do. How does a Labor Day dinner grab you, with Don Rickles as the guest of honour?

Assisting are Fred Astaire, Katharine Hepburn, Veronique and Gregory Peck, Lord and Lady Moore, Anne and Kirk Douglas, George Cukor, Natalie Wood, Edie Goetz, and San Francisco's Whitney Warren, come to pass Labor Day in the south.

"*Who* is that person?" asked Whitney and by the time the fresh huckleberry pie is served, he urges Don to visit him at his palace on Telegraph Hill.

Do *you* like to be up and away?

With *me* it's a must. My father was eight years old when he split from his home on the Cape and shipped out of New Bedford as a cabin boy on a vessel bound for Barcelona. I have *go* in my blood.

Are *you* happy? (Continued on page 224)



OSCAR WILDE, THE BRILLIANT CENTRE OF A WITTY, NEUROTIC GROUP, ON A NEW YORK VISIT IN 1882.

FRESH REMEMBRANCE OF OSCAR WILDE

BY PHILIPPE JULLIAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *French historian, art critic, illustrator, and archaeologist of the* fin-de-siècle *world, Philippe Jullian is the author of two biographies,* Edward and the Edwardians *and* Prince of Aesthetes: Count Robert de Montesquiou, *plus a novel,* The Exile of Capri, *about figures of the extravagant 'nineties. When Jullian was researching his biography of Oscar Wilde, which Viking will publish, he talked fairly recently with some of Wilde's friends and wrote of their memories for* Vogue.

In the case of Oscar Wilde, the extant documents are numberless (not counting the forgeries). There are the records of his trial and imprisonment. However, the opprobrium that for a long time was attached to the poet made his biographers reticent when they had to pass from scholarship to experience. Would they not be accused of having pursued the same pleasures and of having been exposed to the same dangers if they were to show too great familiarity with the circumstances of a life in which the sordid was never far removed from the stupendous?

For half a century, Wilde was considered a malefic person—and in some degree was he not? It is a fact that all the people he loved came to a bad end, that in the very circles where once he had been most fêted, he was mentioned only in a lowered voice. On the other hand, his friends and partisans felt rather as if they belonged to a secret society, with the result that several of his biographies somewhat resemble the Apocrypha.

But if papers have been kept hidden and opinions confidential, for a long time after the poet's death there continued to live in England, and also in Italy, that society—brilliant but vulnerable, snobbish but fascinated by riffraff, witty but essentially neurotic—in which Wilde had been the greatest figure. That society is now extinct, and people who were acquainted with its last survivors are no longer bound to discretion but, on the contrary, should utilize the evidence gleaned from chance conversations in order to breathe life into a great mass of documentation that has surfaced in recent years. It is no longer permissible to consider Wilde either a monster or a martyr; also, for too long this great charmer has been renowned for the less good part of his work. Above all, he was a great art critic, a theoretician of Art Nouveau, and he was the great English dramatist of the nineteenth century. Yet it was *The Picture of Dorian Gray,* that hodgepodge of Edgar Allan Poe, Balzac, and Huysmans, that left its mark on a whole society for which the cult of Beauty was inseparable from the pursuit of pleasure, and luxury an essential condition for the exercise of the intelligence.

I had the good fortune to know, toward the end of their lives, a few luminaries of this far more fictitious than real world. For example, as long ago as immediately after World War II, at a dinner party in Rome at which Tennessee Williams was taking notes for *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone,* I met a man who seemed to me very much like Lord Henry in *The Picture of Dorian Gray.* Lord Tredegar was witty, very well-read, and cynical in the manner of those to whom everything comes without effort; whether country houses, titles (Papal Chamberlain being the one he found most flattering), or facile love affairs. The cynicism was souring, however, for this man who had been one of the richest of English peers and a bewitching person now believed that he was ruined and knew that he was old. Like Lord Henry, Lord Tredegar relished explaining Roman and English society for the benefit of a naïve young man, which I then was. He spoke lightly of the mystical crises that propel so many Anglo-Saxons, dissatisfied with the austerity of their own religion, to the altars of the Roman Church. He himself had had his mother's jewels reset in a gold and enamelled statue of the Madonna. He disassembled the workings of a society with the skill of a watchmaker taking the most complicated clock apart, piece by piece. He enjoyed this, for he found no pleasure in seeing parts function that to him seemed out of order. Above all else, Lord Tredegar dreaded boredom, that most fearsome enemy of a leisured society and one that Wilde had contrived to escape up until the day he had to go to prison.

I was to see Lord Tredegar only once again after that meeting in Rome. He had invited me to spend the weekend in an immense and extremely Edwardian house near Brighton that he used to rent. In his bedroom, the jewel-laden Madonna stood near a bed with a baldaquin that resembled the high altar in St. Peter's. On the several tables, the Marquis de Sade, who was not then published in paperback, companioned the lives of the saints. There was a question of our going to see Lord Alfred Douglas, who was living not far away, Lord Tredegar being one of those who were helping to support him. "But he'll bore you," my host told me. "Essentially, he's a washed-out (Continued on next page)





MISS NATALIE BARNEY,
NINETY-FIVE,
AMERICAN
(PHOTOGRAPHED
RECENTLY IN PARIS
BY CECIL BEATON),
AND A GREAT BEAUTY
IN HER YOUNG DAYS
WHEN SHE WAS
PAINTED, FAR LEFT,
BY CAROLUS-DURAN AS
WILDE'S HAPPY PRINCE



WILDE AND HIS STILL-LIVING FRIENDS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CECIL BEATON

poet, nothing more." Soon thereafter, Evan Tredegar was to die in Ireland, where he had gone to evade English taxes.

At Lord Tredegar's, I had met a charming person, Mr. Hedley Hope-Nicholson, who was a bond with pre-World War I Oxford. This delightful old gentleman had remained the perpetual student; he used to walk through Chelsea, coatless but wearing a scarf with his college's colours around his neck, quite as if he were about to go punting, his cheeks still fresh and lightly rouged. He often returned to Oxford to transmit to generations of undergraduates the glories of the University before autos and hordes of scholarship students had polluted its atmosphere of clerical elegance and the Platonic ideal, banishing forever the great eccentrics who had lent their lustre to the college. Mr. Hope-Nicholson showed me Oscar's rooms in one of the towers of Magdalen College, and the bench where the young Irishman loved to sit. It was near the bathing place called Parson's Pleasure because there the Socratic dons admired students bathing in the nude. There also, Walter Pater, fascinated by Oscar's eloquence, fell to his knees before his disciple, crying "Too beautiful! . . ."

Like Wilde, the erudite Mr. Hope-Nicholson relished the poetry of heraldic snobbery. He loved titles, and he was familiar with all the great country houses and their legends. In his youth, he had been intimately acquainted with Wilde's first patron, Lord Ronald Gower, son of the Duke of Sutherland and an arbiter of good form.

Mr. Hope-Nicholson was married and greatly esteemed his wife, but he had not seen her for thirty years. Mrs. Jaqueline Hope-Nicholson lives in Chelsea still, on Tite Street—where Wilde had lived—opposite Sargent's studio and two steps from Whistler's (Continued on page 229)

OPPOSITE PAGE: DON ANTONIO DE CANDARILLAS,
A UNIQUE CHILEAN WHO LIVES IN PARIS.
LEFT: MRS. JAQUELINE HOPE-NICHOLSON, WHOSE HOUSE
IS A FANTASY OF THE 'NINETIES IN LONDON.
ABOVE: MRS. GUY WYNDHAM, AUTHOR, TRANSLATOR, WHOSE MOTHER,
MRS. ADA LEVERSON, WAS CALLED THE SPHINX BY OSCAR WILDE.
BELOW: CHRISTABEL, LADY ABERCONWAY,
IN HER EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE IN LONDON.

IS YOUR HEART IN YOUR VOICE?

NINE SUPER VOICES

EDITH EVANS
JOHN GIELGUD
DYLAN THOMAS
ORSON WELLES
RICHARD BURTON
PAUL SCOFIELD
SYBIL THORNDIKE
LAURENCE OLIVIER
BURGESS MEREDITH

Vote: There are no young American or English-speaking voices that can be graded A. Blame it on the microphone and try to smile.
Vote: Burton and Olivier are of special interest, for they began as vocal paupers and scrambled their way to princehood. Kenneth Tynan has described Olivier's present sound as "a voice which calls to the hunt."

BY WILLIAM REDFIELD

EDITOR'S NOTE: The American woman's most undervalued weapon of seduction may be her first line of communication: her voice. Why she tunes her ears out on the sound of her own speech is a bewilderment, for a beautiful voice is both a lure—to dazzle, catch. and hold listeners—and a contagion that may soften, sweeten, and bend responses (as anyone knows who has listened to children unconsciously mirror the voices of admired adults, and react to them). William Redfield, an actor who has learned from the roots of experience what voice is about, has appeared in Broadway productions (including *A Man for All Seasons* and the Richard Burton *Hamlet* directed by Sir John Gielgud) and starred in a packet of movies; the next to be released: *A New Leaf*, the first film directed by Elaine May. William Redfield's 1967 book *Letters from an Actor* was republished this year in paperback by Viking Compass.

Imagine yourself a violin. The cavities of your head and chest will be equivalent to the hollowed interior of the fiddle. The "strings" will be your vocal cords. Stand up with your feet slightly apart. Be erect and disciplined but not rigid. Try to stand well. Now, then—you are going to play upon yourself as a virtuoso plays upon his Cremona.

Your bow is your arm, and you will draw one arm across the other, just as though you were drawing a bow across a string.

Take a slow, deep breath and then hum. Do it with your lips slightly apart, but be sure that the hum goes through your nose slowly, smoothly, and coordinated to an easy movement of the arm. Now close your lips and do it again. When your lips are parted, you should feel no air pass between them. The air is coming entirely through your nostrils. When your lips are closed, it should be the same. In order to buttress the illusion, use a simple do-re-mi scale or hum a tune and keep moving your arm back and forth across your "strings."

A variation: Do exactly the same thing, but hum through your lips, not your nose. You will have to part the lips slightly. If you hum buzzingly, they will soon begin to feel anaesthetized. Hum slowly up and down the scale while steadily drawing your arm to and fro. Remember, no air through the nose this time.

Devote five minutes to these exercises and you will have placed (centred) your voice. This does not mean that you can change yourself from Daffy Duck into Demosthenes overnight. It does mean that you can come closer to your natural sound in either song or speech.

Slogan: A truly natural sound will always triumph over the thousand theories that plague the spoken arts. Example: Find and play a Helen Morgan record. Morgan sang but she also spoke. And she will knock you dizzy.

The fact is there are too many clichés—written, spoken, and sung—concerning the human voice and how to improve it. "Pear-shaped tones," "beautifully placed," "lack of support," "impure vowels," and other such fidgety phrases make up a misleading checklist for vocal propriety. Too much of the thinking is wrong. Too many of the phrases are fuzzy.

Granted we will more or less agree on an exceptionally beautiful voice when we hear one (Paul Scofield, Orson Welles, and Dylan Thomas come to mind) but what of the *striking* voices we hear? The ones we may not entirely approve and yet can not put from our minds? Joan Greenwood, Mae West, W. C. Fields—or even Truman Capote?

Charlie Chaplin, on the other hand, was a superb physical comedian with a rather forgettable voice which seldom varied in pitch. Still, it was a perfectly good sound, decently placed. Why did it bore us? Because, in a very important sense,

his voice lacked *edge*.

The most useful truth we can glean from all this is that there are as many types of voices as there are people. It is not the nature of a voice that attracts or repels us but a quality of sound. What pleases most is a special fidelity and/or variety of expression. This dictum mixes voice and speech together as though they were not separate things. They are—but accept that for the moment.

Let us assume that your diction is passable and confine ourselves to your tone. We tend to feel that a deep, rich voice is appealing per se and indicates throbbing masculinity or even exotic femininity. But we fool ourselves. The singing voice of Burl Ives, for example, is a model of the light, blithe folk tenor. It is true and clear and wonderfully unforced. His speaking voice inclines to different options although it is plain (to me) that he could speak as he sings if he wished. I assume that so accomplished a madrigal singer knows full well that one seldom speaks madrigals in public places.

By contrast, both vocal and sexual, Tallulah Bankhead's thick, weighty speaking voice (she did not sing well) tended to stick in the mind as an unusual female sound. Eccentric and vampish—as well as deadly—it was punctuated by a logorrhean diction and abrupt changes of rhythm, which both alarmed and amused.

Still, it was genuinely impressive and dramatic, as well as funny, because it was never really tortured and always uniquely her own. It would not surprise me if the bottom register of Tallulah's voice struck lower pitches than that of Burl Ives. This is worth notation, since male vocal cords, like male biceps, are nearly always thicker and longer than those of females. To the best of my knowledge, this is the only reason for male voices being what is called "deeper." As in a piano, thick strings make low sounds and thin strings make high ones.

Yet, there are some deep, rich male voices that annoy us after a bit because they are unnaturally deep. They sound put-on and forced, if not merely greasy. What the new breed of adman calls "announcerish" or "shoppy." In fact, in the old days of advertising, it sometimes sounded as though the spokesman might drop his voice through the floor and follow it to the centre of the earth. Commercially speaking, that is precisely what happened. Which is why you now hear Orson Bean as the voice of Bankers' Trust, rather than a counterfeit Orson Welles.

The human voice is perhaps the most variable, sensitive instrument in communication. As such, it is essential that the voice and the speech reflect the self—a believable self. This does not mean, however, that such a voice can not be acquired. Richard Burton has told me that his present habit of speech, both on-stage and off, was taught him by his foster father, Philip Burton, and matured by his years at Oxford. His natural lilt and pitch was Welsh and his diction, Celtically to say, was incomprehensible to anyone unfamiliar with the pubs of Cardiff. Quite beautiful, to be sure, but antipragmatic for an international performer. When Burton now demonstrates his original sound, it strikes the ear as an imitation.

But the notion of voice-speech improvement is by no means confined to vocal professionals. Imagine yourself a publisher, an airline stewardess, a diplomat, a saleswoman, or a ship's captain. Granted one may be successful while possessed of poor voice and worse speech—as are some terrifyingly well-known actors—the success takes place despite the deficiency. If any single voice coach could provide the answers for all pupils, the world would stampede his studio (or it should), but there are many (Continued on page 223)

SOME DO'S AND DON'TS

If you listen to a tape recording of your voice, never listen just once. Play it over and over and then make another. Speak naturally or read a poem with feeling. You will not begin to hear yourself with any objectivity until you have listened many times.

Try not to swallow *your voice—a curious American habit. President Nixon has a deep, strong voice, but he forces it too far back in his throat, making it sound tight and tubby. Put your voice* forward *as much as possible. You should feel the speaking air flutter beneath your upper lip. It is even possible to hold sound in your mouth—as an exercise.*

Do not retreat from ugly sounds when you practise. The ugly sounds of Monday may make pretty ones by Friday. Only surrender an exercise when it hurts.

Do not grab at your speaking breath. If you have trouble getting what you need, practise breathing out. *You will automatically breathe in.*

To relax your vocal cords, and strengthen them, practise humming, buzzing, yawning.

*Become sensitive to the resonating cavities of your head: especially the sinus cavities behind the nose and surrounding the eyes. If you keep your throat and ears open, you will begin to hear, and—more importantly—*feel *the vibrations of tone in these sounding boxes. This also applies to the chest cavity, where the lower pitches resonate.*

Never shout or roar. It is not true that Demosthenes shouted. He tried to be heard above the ocean's thunder by speaking forcibly and distinctly. The pebbles in his mouth were put there to overcome a speech defect. A champagne cork or pencil stub between the teeth will do.

If your friends complain that they can not understand *you (and that is what most people mean when they say you are inaudible), the chances are your tongue has gone lazy or you are reluctant to open your mouth. An impressionist once imposed the following dialogue on Gary Cooper: "I love yuh, Calamity Jane. An' I'd tell yuh so, too, if I could jus' get muh damn teeth apart."*

Become aware of your tongue and note how it behaves. When you speak, do not allow the fat old thing to flop about in your mouth. Give it some orders.

All speech sounds and vowel shapes are made by the tongue and the mouth. No amount of proper breathing or tone-placement will help you to enunciate. That is up to the tongue, the mouth, and a strategic use of the teeth.

To test nasality try holding your nose and saying: "The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog." You should feel air bottled up in your nose only *when you reach the "n" sound in brown and the "m" sound in jumped.*

*Watch your regional vowels. Example: Midwesterners—even well-spoken ones—sometimes say for-*git *instead of for-*get. *It is a* prima facie *case of substituting one vowel for another. And it fully explains why Henry Higgins knows where every one of us was born and raised.*

For significant improvement, do take singing and speech lessons—either or both. It is almost impossible to change undesirable habits without an expert to watch over you.

TWENTY-THREE INTERESTING VOICES

(some sweet, some sour, some startling)

MIA FARROW

ODETTA

JANE FONDA

RUTH GORDON

JULIE HARRIS

ZOE CALDWELL

BARBARA HARRIS

LAUREN BACALL

JOAN HACKETT

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

JAMES EARL JONES

MAUREEN STAPLETON

VANESSA REDGRAVE

JOANNE WOODWARD

MARLON BRANDO

DICK CAVETT

ALFRED LUNT

DAVID WAYNE

W. C. FIELDS

PAUL NEWMAN

PETER O'TOOLE

TRUMAN CAPOTE

HUMPHREY BOGART

THE DUQUESA
DE CADAVAL

BERT STERN

Fabulous furs

Wrappings of sable and fringed broadtail

The most romantic move any woman can make—
any evening, anywhere in the world—
is to wrap herself in fur. No gesture could
be more poetic, no fashion more feminine.
And for a fragile beauty like the
Duquesa de Cadaval, whose reserve, even
in laughter, shows in her smiling
doe-round eyes, dark swathing furs only
heighten the delicacy of each feature.
At left, she wears a short and very full
sable cape-coat that was just made to be
wrapped luxuriously—as a coat or, with
the detachable sleeves removed, as a
cape. By Ben Kahn, in natural
Russian Crown sable. Nan Duskin;
Gidding-Jenny; Creed's of Toronto.
With a lavish sweep, *right*, the
Duquesa draws a fringed broadtail
dinner shawl snugly about her—
glistening black over a shining
white jumpsuit from Jax.
Shawl made to order by Maximilian
in black-dyed Russian
broadtail lamb. The jewels
worn by the Duquesa
on both pages are from
David Webb and
her coiffures were
arranged by Suga.


FRANCO RUBARTELLI



Lightest wrappings of broadtail — ermine cut like silk

Three superb furs for evening — all long, all luxurious, indelibly Maximilian. Black broadtail dress, far left — a shining splendour plummeting straight to the heel, taking on a double roundelay of white ermine over bared arms. Black-dyed Russian broadtail lamb. Sant' Angelo head ropes. Stanley Hagler wrist ropes ... made of Swarovski stones. Cardinal's robe of a coat in black broadtail, centre, its collar pulled up against the night air. A little ruff of white ermine wristband shows beneath enough cuffing to make a mini-skirt. Of black-dyed Russian broadtail lamb. David Tesdell scarf. Hattie Carnegie rhinestone beads. Kislav gloves. Brown ermine gondura, left, for evenings that are definitely going somewhere. Folded against the body and held with a brace of silk cords. Of brown-dyed ermine. Ropes by Atelier Nina. G. Nemiroff ring. All furs made to order by Maximilian. Roped-on, looking-glass clogs by Bernardo. Coiffures — and all the fantastic new sorceress eyebrows made of real hair — by Ara Gallant.

Fabulous furs

Chinchilla: sauvage in the round... and a wild blue fox

Veruschka up to her chin in the
greatest sweep of chinchilla, far left,
that ever called itself coat. A greatcoat—
such as Marco Polo might have wrapped
Kukachin in to carry her from
Peking to Persia. Back-vented,
notch-collared; can be zip-zipped
off at knee-length for day-walkers.
By Ben Kahn, of Silver Pearl Empress
chinchilla. At Gidding-Jenny; I. Magnin;
Creed's of Toronto. Stocking cap by
Juliano Knits. Clogs by Bernardo.
Fit for sidelining at the
Venus-Mars match: tunic-length chinchilla,
left, that zips up to a tabbed collar. By
Fredrica, of Aurora chinchilla. At Halle's,
Cleveland; Rike's; Hudson's; I. Magnin.
Scarf by Whiting & Davis. Kislav
gloves. Silvery jodhpurs by Adolfo.
Rippling drifts of blue fox, below—
a never-be-cold-again,
never-take-it-off-again
mantle, circling round into
a short tented cape. By Ritter
Bros., of natural Norwegian blue fox.
At Rich's; Titche's, Dallas; Goldwaters.
Bruce Rudow necklace. Gold rings by Ann
Gresser at the Benson Gallery. Beige silk
Adolfo jodhpurs. Coiffures by Ara Gallant.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI





Fabulous furs



Three ways to play them great– the mink, the fox, and a little brown lamb

Lamb-about-town, far left—
a natty double-breaster of
chocolate-brown broadtail—
following the mid-calf idea
everywhere it goes: everywhere.
Just the right little, tight
little shaping to take a
notch collar, a pleat at
the back and turn-back cuffs.
By Giorgio di Sant' Angelo
for Chambers Sherwin.
Of Swakara broadtail lamb
from South West Africa.
At Roberts Furs, Boston;
Halle's, Cleveland;
Davidson's, Indianapolis.
Hansen gloves. David Evins
boots, to order at I. Miller. A
bear hug of fox on the short side,
left, straight-up beige—
with a nice snuggle of collar,
suède belt. By Galanos for
Neustadter Furs.
At Montaldo's; I. Magnin.
Hansen gloves. Cancela-Mesejean
belt. Adolfo leggings.
Ankle boots by El Greco.
Just enough mink to touch mid-calf,
right, a single-breasted stream of
fur with sneaky little shaping at the
top, a back pleat and wonderful,
wide collar. By Reiss & Fabrizio.
Of Saga Shadow Blue mink from
Scandinavia. Cap by Juliano Knits.
David Tesdell scarf. Rings by
Vendôme. Knee-high boots
to order by Battani. Coiffures by
Phillip of Vidal Sassoon.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN
CAPES

All the romance and poetry of centuries unfurl at the sweep, swing, and fling of a cape... riding pillion here behind MRS. ROBIN BUTLER as she trots across the Park at Shugborough Hall, country seat of the Earls of Lichfield. Mrs. Butler wears her cape—actually a fullblown djellaba from the Souks of Marrakech—over layers of shirts, a gold chain necktie, Halston's black jersey pants. The Triumphal Arch, *above*, copied from the Arch of Hadrian in Athens, is one of several *folies* that—like sheep—dot Shugborough Hall's Park.


PATRICK LICHFIELD
MRS. ROBIN BUTLER

Cloaked in black wool, MRS. ARCHIE STIRLING pauses on a highland ridge after a brisk afternoon climb with her dog. Her Annacat cape, flung so far over one shoulder it completely envelops her white satin shirt, is held fast by a silver brooch, and Mrs. Stirling just lets it unfurl like a banner in the breeze—poetic and marvellous with her romantic blond looks, its silhouette soaring across the Scottish sky. . . . In another part of the country, Downie Park, MRS. JOCELYN STEVENS lets down her long hair and goes *cape à pied* in claret velvet ruched with white and caught with a black velvet bow at the neck: it simply falls wide like an eighteenth-century mantle over a delicious flower-strewn country dinner dress. Pandora, Mrs. Stevens's sunny-haired daughter, is all bundled up in a diminutive copy of a London bobby's cape—the very thing for a before-supper stroll along the edge of the little rill burbling within earshot of their house.

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN

CAPES

MRS. ARCHIE STIRLING

PATRICK LICHFIELD

MRS. JOCELYN STEVENS
AND HER DAUGHTER

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN

CAPES

PRINCESS IRA's all wrapped up in a number of things: films, for one (*At Any Price* now, *Hello-Goodbye* any month), decorating, for another (her new flat in Rome), and capes—she's just tossed this long, soft brown one back over her shoulders and let it fall in folds over pants and boots....Cape and boots almost meeting at mid-thigh—those are the lengths some of the goingest beauties are going to in Rome these days, one of them the ravishing red-haired daughter of the Pulitzer-prized journalist Edmund Stevens and his Russian wife Nina—MARCHESA ANASTASIA FERRARI DI COLLESAPE; her cape is an out-and-out burst of black wool she happened on at Marina Lante della Rovere's boutique....Over her black tunic, fringed pants, and swashbuckled shoes, MADAME PHILIPPE LEROY, wife of the French actor, likes a shortish black cape with epaulettes of gold buttons and her long shiny dark hair swirling in the breeze under a floppy Aussie felt.

PRINCESS IRA FÜRSTENBERG

ELISABETTA CATALANO

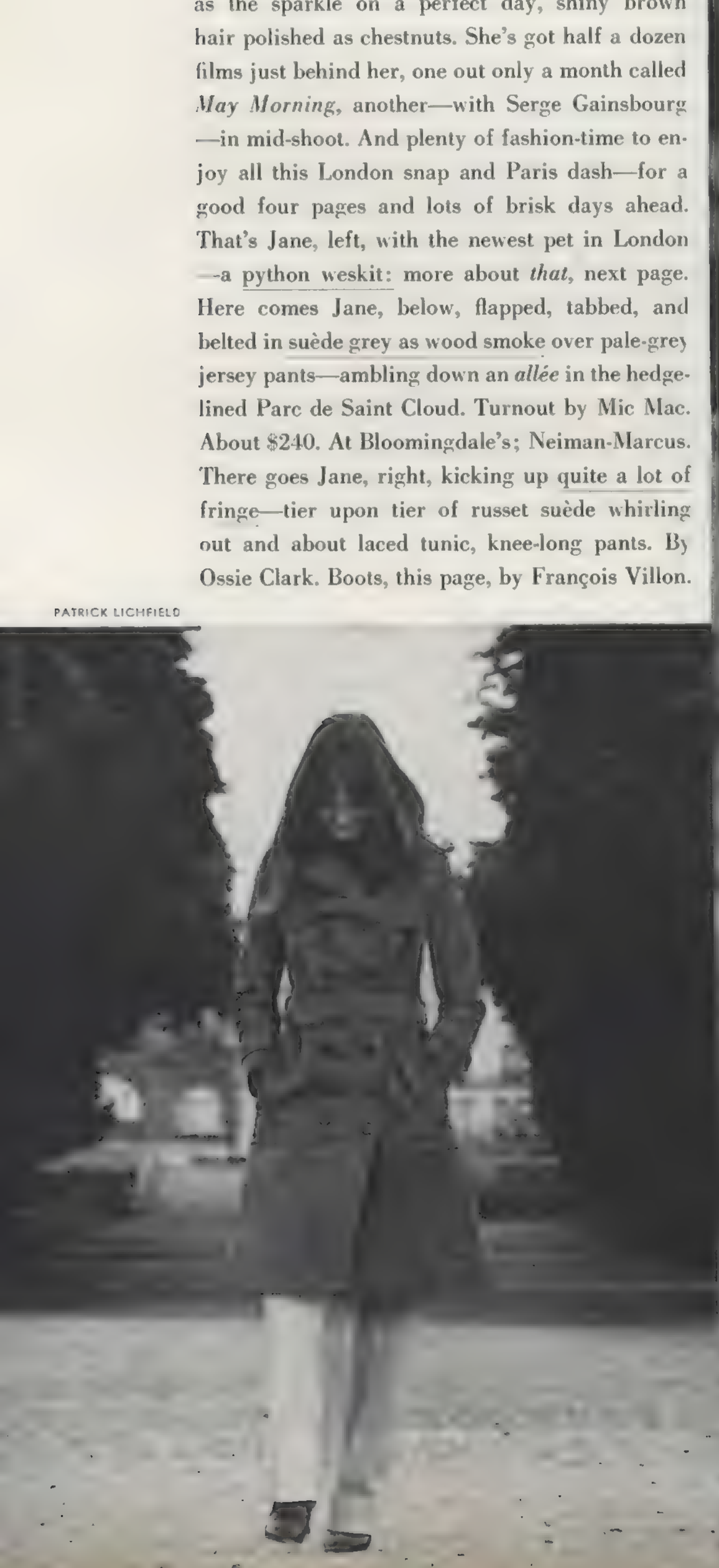

MADAME
PHILIPPE
LEROY
MARCHESA
ANASTASIA
FERRARI
DI COLLESARE



JANE BIRKIN'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES— LONDON SNAP. PARIS DASH

Guess who's put the snap-dash in November air this time: Jane Birkin. Greeny-blue eyes clear as the sparkle on a perfect day, shiny brown hair polished as chestnuts. She's got half a dozen films just behind her, one out only a month called *May Morning*, another—with Serge Gainsbourg—in mid-shoot. And plenty of fashion-time to enjoy all this London snap and Paris dash—for a good four pages and lots of brisk days ahead. That's Jane, left, with the newest pet in London—a python weskit: more about *that*, next page. Here comes Jane, below, flapped, tabbed, and belted in suède grey as wood smoke over pale-grey jersey pants—ambling down an *allée* in the hedge-lined Parc de Saint Cloud. Turnout by Mic Mac. About $240. At Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus. There goes Jane, right, kicking up quite a lot of fringe—tier upon tier of russet suède whirling out and about laced tunic, knee-long pants. By Ossie Clark. Boots, this page, by François Villon.

PATRICK LICHFIELD







JANE BIRKIN'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES— WESKIT, TUNICS, PANTS

Jane's nice new pet python—the one you caught briefly a page ago—gives its all to weskit, far left, a snaky long brown silk jersey dress; the sleeves wriggle down to each wrist, the skirt falls in bias folds. Turnout by Jean Muir. At Henri Bendel. The jewels, by Zolotas. From Bonwit Teller. Jane, centre left, in great beige, black, and red checquered kerchiefs floating over a veil-of-chiffon tunic and red-flowered black crêpe pants. By Ossie Clark; Celia Birtwell print. Gripoix sautoirs spill over Jane's own charms and chains. François Villon shoes. Great local colour, left—Jane in a flap-yoked jersey tunic-shirt green as the Chantilly woods; the pants jacquarding down each leg take turns at mossy green, violet, pale grey. By Mic Mac. About $110. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus. Maxandre belt.

PATRICK LICHFIELD





PARIS HAS WHAT IT TAKES— ALL PRÊT À PORTER

Jacquard knit, long on dash, above, starting with streamered mufflers and skinnying past banded hips—blue-purple-gold tunic over pants, claret-beige over skippity skirt. By Cacharel. Henri Bendel. Left: Charles Jourdan boots; right: Maxandre stockings, Carvil shoes. Shirttails, bold and breezy, centre, rippling out on a marigold wool tunic-coat bobbined in black patent over a leggy black jersey jump. Turnout by Bernard Perris. At Neiman-Marcus. Coat, also I. Magnin. Charles Jourdan boots. Wildcat shirt-tunic and pants, below, in a perfect jungle of prints—tiger stripes the thigh; leopard spots the leg. By Emmanuelle Khanh. of viscose and cotton. Tunic $125; pants, $75. At Gavroche. Hat by Cerruti. Scarf from Mohanjeet. The alligator boots by Roger Vivier. The leathered-up buccaneer look, right—piped in leather over red-and-black stripes, low-slung belt, wide cuffed pants. By Sonia Rykiel. in black jersey. Henri Bendel; Charles Gallay, Los Angeles. Carvil shoes. Alexandre coiffures.

PATRICK LICHFIELD





NOW YOU SKI IT...
NOW YOU DON'T...AND
IF YOU DON'T SKI

Winter beauty notes



. . . you find some way to wring beauty out of the winter snow. You take to bobsleds, toboggans, sleighs. You cruise around the open stretches in a power snow sled, and slide up a hill in a Ski-Doo. You sharpen your skates. And study city snowman sculpture in case of sudden blizzard. . . . **You plan your skin strategy with an eye to your particular snow scene.** A noted dermatologist said: "Physiologically, the body functions differently in cold, produces less natural oil. We must compensate for what the environment robs, replenish moisture and oil to a greater degree than normal. . . . Latitude, altitude, and prevailing winds affect your skin program. Whereas just laying the grease on thick might be enough protection at St. Moritz, which is breathed on by Mediterranean air, a whole face masque—a chiffon scarf wrapped around the face, for instance—might do well by the Vermont skiier. Europeans say 'In America, it's not skiing, it's freezing' ". . . . **Get up your defense mechanisms.** Roman beauties are wearing on the slopes black thermostatic masques. They go over head like stocking. . . . Snow and ice mirror sun much more than water and sand. Consider more potent sun screens: Sungard; Irma Shorell's Sun Creme; A-Fil; Ambre Solaire. . . . Moisturize lavishly face, ears, neck. Coat a *mouth* with Noskote, and go over it with lipstick. . . . Get *hair* ready to gleam in the wind by feeding it health right now. Pantene, the superb Swiss conditioner, gives speedy uphill lift. . . . Keep *hands* creamed; *nails* short, filed square. . . . Before you go out, bear in mind that it might snow, and set *makeup* with Andrea's Make-Up Finish—or simply by patting with water. . . . *Mascara* had best be waterproof. *Individual eyelashes*—if one or two fall off, who's the wiser? . . . **Plan your glamour offensive.** For sports, wear makeup that can be repaired while you're out. Something like Chapstick essential. . . . On a sunny day, *golden makeup* gives off divine glints. Shadows eyes, gilds cheekbone, goes with a tawny lipstick. . . . Then at night turn into a shiny butterfly. Bring out the false eyelashes, postiches, perfumes. There's nothing like looking fragile after astonishing exploits at 10,000 feet.

(Continued)

A girl who diverts is a girl who flirts

Girl opens his eyes by opening hers. Flirts with her eyes, makes them startlingly enormous with single-minded colour, nothing wishy-washy about it. Her latest artillery: 'Ultima' II Eye Couture '70, an eyequake Revlon just set a-tremor. Reasoning that continuity of colour widens the eye, Revlon has matched shadow, mascara, and liner to each other in green, plum, Burgundy, and blue, all very precocious, no mere hints of tint. . . . Here, girl diverts by playing in Revlon's plum orchard, lines upper and lower lids with Sable Plum, mascaras with Automatic Lash Makeup of identical colour persuasion which actually curls a lash. Plumrose shadow circles eye, expands it further, Orchidaceous shadow dusts the bone. Mauve wig to extend the fun: by Walter Fountaine, arranged by Christophe Carita. Courrèges pyjamas.

Here comes the cold.
Get with it. Get in it.
And go.

Coqueline's in it. Courrèges did it.
Designed a battery-driven little car purely
for his own amusement. Sculptured in his
own atelier, this wooden prototype with a bubble cap
to fit Coqueline's measurements.
Also for fun and for sun: the Courrèges glasses,
with white crescent moons, smoky grey-brown glass.
More sculpture here: the "spaghetti" curtain
of cords, a penetrable *by the Venezuelan artist, Soto.*

WINTER BEAUTY NOTES



(Continued) ***Now, right now, you're shaping up.*** Making friends with such winter-oriented exercise machines as The Inside Track, a new active-exercise device that strengthens legs, trims and tones thighs and hips "as no other exerciser can." . . . A handsome Catalonian surgeon, a keen skier, starts getting his calf muscles ready early by standing on tiptoes. "A few weeks before skiing, I tiptoe home every night," he quipped. . . . At the winter places, ***you keep in shape*** —you bathe while it's snowing—in ***heated outdoor swimming pools*** sunk into the Alps, the Green Mountains, into city parks (in Moscow there's such a year-round pool right in the shadow of the Kremlin). You let a ***masseuse*** erase the ache from tired muscles, you let the aromatic dry heat of the ubiquitous ***Finnish sauna*** revive you from exhaustion. "It is only there that one manages to recollect all that happened in the competition," one ski racer said. . . . ***You watch your eyes.*** with optically correct snow glasses that don't admit ultraviolet light. Fogging up has hitherto been the bane of totally protective ***ski glasses.*** New Trappe of Aspen glasses are ***guaranteed not to fog.*** They're glare-proof, shatterproof, made of GE's rugged Lexan, coated with "miracle" plastic Hydron to make them fog-free. . . . ***As for cosmetic street glasses,*** "they should under no circumstances scream," said Halston, who designed the soft-talking glasses, *left,* gentle versions of aviator-military-motorbike goggles. Lots of frame and lens colours. $18, Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz. Mr. John cap, Trifari rings. (See ski exercise and diet notes, pages 78 and 56.)

What seemed to glow from way inside here *was applied from without. It's new sleight-of-hand accomplishments with skin radiance: Inner Lights, a cosmetic tour de force Polly Bergen's singing about now, and with good reason. It starts with a foundation that melds clear-tinted gel and moisture-blend coverage so astonishingly that only perfection shows through; here the Inner Lights are Infra-Peach, blushed with coral-bronze Chestnut Frost. The eyes are splashed with a Buttercup Eye Lighter, shadowed with copper frost. New Gypsy Rose lipstick, kissed with Miss Bergen's famous Oil of the Turtle, "unmakeups" the mouth. . . . It's firelit drama for the winter hearth, for a face that just came in out of the cold. . . . (Christopher Reck did the makeup and François of Kenneth the hair.)*



The *HAIR* and the *JEWEL*

Alexandre did it—*for Saint Laurent. Hair and jewellery have always been addicted to each other. Now Paris hair maestro Alexandre fans the flame.* ***Makes hair a jewel*** *by lifting the cheekbones with a skull-gripping, centre-parted hair-comb, pulled back tight into a long, thin cadogan.* ***Makes jewellery from hair.*** *Lifts the brow with a dazzling collar of tiny Dynel braids, caught with fake emerald clasps, right. . . . Colours his braids blond, brown, or brunet, and works them into earrings, necklaces, bracelets, waist chains, sling. . . . Swings a great hair tassel from ear, throat, shoulder, hip. . . . All Alexandre designs with Swarovski Tyrolean stones in brilliant jewel or natural hair colours. . . . All worn here by Marisa Berenson in Saint Laurent jersey jumpsuits. Each about $125. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, New York; at Kaufmann's; at Sakowitz.*



BEAUTY
bulletin



ANTHONY HORTH

FROM

PARIS:

LOUIS FERAUD'S bright wool peasantries... out on a limb with Penelope Tree

Like flowers from the land of the long night, left, a Lapland garden crocheted in vivid wool circles over nothing more or less than skin: Penelope's. Bride's dress gone native, below, ringing Penelope and red wool crêpe in yellow, greens, blue -- over it, a fringed white wool scarf and poncho like those worn for centuries in mountain villages of Peru. Leonard wool. Finnish blue-and-white, right, bold as a scribble, bright as glazed tile — covering white wool from welt-banded hip to far-flung hem. All by Louis Feraud, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.

JOHN J. SWAN



Jane Holzer

THE LION-HEARTED

ALWAYS CONTEMPORARY

NATURAL

FUN

ART-LOVING

A ROCK AND ROLLER

SERIOUS

A WOMAN OF LIGHT

MOMENTS OF 18TH CENTURY

Jane Holzer is unique. A flash. An experience. An ebullience of fine skin and hair like light. At one moment in time Jane Holzer and the early pop life were entwined, for she had immediacy, shock, and fun for which Pop Art stood, but in her unpredictable way "Baby Jane" got lost in the Andy Warhol underground to emerge as a delightful, serious, amusing, overground woman. She has a baby son and is married to Leonard Holzer, executive vice-president of the Winston Corporation that commissioned eight remarkable sculptures and paintings, with the help of Mrs. Holzer, for its Long Island shopping centre. Jane Holzer is always totally herself, secure, independent, and usually laughing. In her apartment in New York, she has cleverly combined the most contemporary paintings with eighteenth-century furniture—English, Chinese, and Moorish—and seashells, velvets, and flowered cotton. She said: "Most of these artists are our friends and we're lucky that our friends are so talented."

With a fling of pleasure, Mrs. Leonard Holzer has joined the most contemporary art with the eighteenth century. In her living room, in front of an enormous 1968 Larry Zox abstraction, she wears a Sant' Angelo gypsy dress, faces an eighteenth-century Chinese screen, thirteen feet high, covered in rare Chinese wallpaper, shimmering with birds and flowers. (Queen Victoria first ordered the two low stools, with their white fabric, from India.) In the foreground, a sofa designed by Mrs. Holzer, with masses of pillows in suède thrown accurately in the most superb positions. At the right, a low table of polished petrified wood with a collection of shells. (Continued on next page)







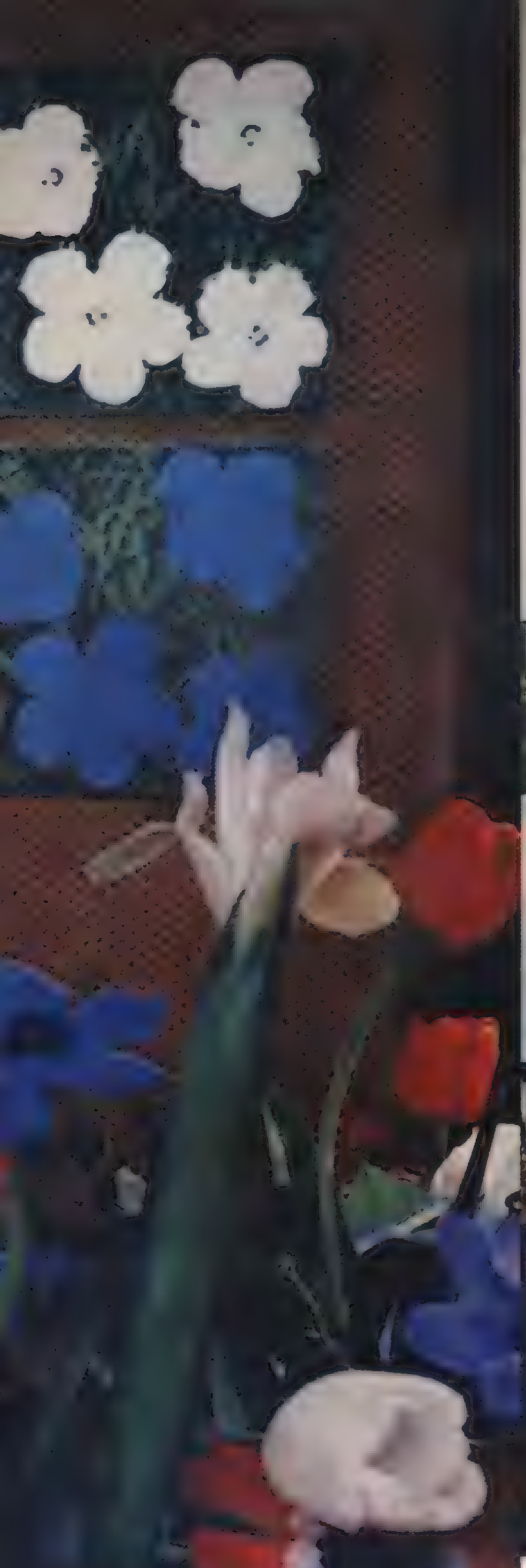


JANE'S HOUSE– 18TH CENTURY AND 1969

In the living room, *left,* two painters take over: Franz Kline and Larry Rivers. Over the mantelpiece hangs the Kline "Palmerton" while at the far left of the room there is a painted three-dimensional relief sculpture group by Larry Rivers called "The Elimination of Nostalgia." It was done in 1967 and consists of four figures: Larry and Clarice Rivers with their two sons, Steven and Joseph. At the left of the fireplace stands an eighteenth-century English chest of black chinoiserie given to Jane by her mother with the two small Ch'ien Lung eighteenth-century tables. *Above:* Mrs. Holzer's latest major acquisition, "Black Fire," a large painting by Barnett Newman, which will soon be in the New York apartment.

HORST









Left: The Holzer dining room, very Indian on walls, sofas, pillows, with Mrs. Holzer in a rare caftan. The flower paintings are all 1966 Warhol.

FOUR UNMISTAKABLE HOLZER FANTASIES

HORST

In the ascetic bedroom, *above*, over a white sofa, an untitled 1968 Larry Poons. In the living room, *left*, a small table with Mrs. Holzer's collection of shells. In the bedroom, *below*, works by four contemporary artists. Over the sofa, "Ultramarine Under," 1967, by Jack Youngerman. Above the fireplace, "Blue Emergence," 1967, by Thomas Stokes. The white squares, "Paper Boxes," flanking straw side tables are sculptures by Richard Tuttle.





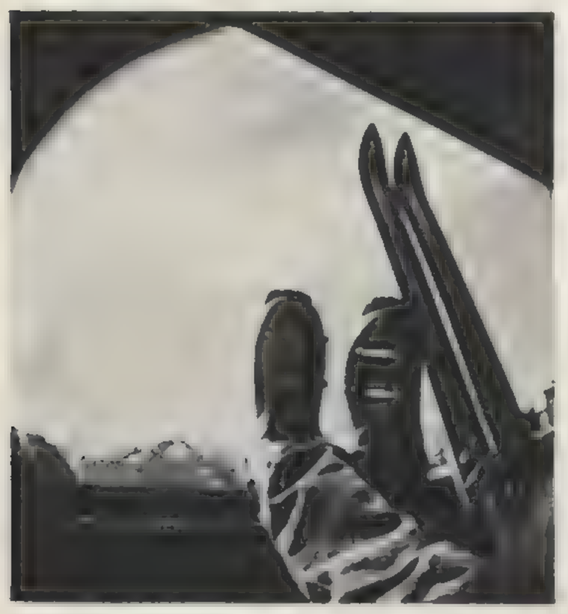
UNIQUE SHOPPING CENTRE, EXPLODING WITH ART, COMMISSIONED BY THE HOLZERS

For the Smith Haven Mall on Long Island, the Holzers with their friend Larry Rivers asked eight artists to do eight works specifically for this shopping centre of which Mr. Holzer is the executive vice-president. *Far left:* Sven Lukin's "Shoshone," blue-and-orange wooden sculpture, 8′ x 1½′; *above*, both left and right, the Larry Rivers "Forty Feet of Fashion," a forty-foot-long wall sculpture-painting with Plexiglas, mannequins, and lighting effects. To see this small, impressive but massive collection, the company which owns the Mall expects some thirty million visitors within the next few years.

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

The red ski boot



This is the ski boot you have to have. And it must be red. (It comes in black or white but you must have red.) It is, as one wearer truthfully admits, "an instrument of torture" because it's made of fibre glass and gives not one iota of an inch (the "give" has to come from the inner lining—a leather boot in the Swiss kind, a spongy interlining in the American version). But they will also never wear out. And they never have to be polished. And it is the boot every real skier wants—in red please. These, above, propped up with the Matterhorn as a backdrop, at Scandinavian Ski Shop. $135. . . .

Los Angeles: "Themis" is the name of the boutique that The Doors' Jim Morrison is backing. The shop is at 947 No. La Cienega Boulevard. A close friend of Morrison's, Pamela Courson, designs all the clothes. "Tony McGuire—a superb leather craftsman (Vogue's Boutique August 15 showed some of his belts and a weskit) does the leather pants and jackets as well as weskits and belts. And a guy named Peter does some fabulous leatherwork in the form of attaché cases and he does some really far out Oshkosh-type luggage. . . . The interior is extremely attractive as they have taken quite a bit of time, a lot of money, and the help of quite a few creative friends—it is heavy wood beams and doors—all hand-carved by Tony and Peter —the ceiling is pheasant feathers. Movies will be shown on the front window Monday nights which, as you know, is a big night for gallery visitors and art enthusiasts on La Cienega's gallery row. . . ."

Paris to New York: Hooray! Now you can get them here too. Eres, the sports boutique on the corner of the Rue Tronchet and Place de la Madeleine —the place "everyone" in Europe goes to for bathing suits —you know, suits with a lot of cachet, superb fit—no stiff poky interlining and stuff inside them —now has a tiny outpost in Bonwit Teller. And Bonwit plans to have it stocked with Eres bathing suits all year—also good news. . . .

New York: It's caught on as quick as what it does— suddenly everybody's drinking "Gatorade," the quick-energy, thirst-quenching soft drink that used to be the standby of astronauts and athletes and people like that. It's quite tasty and does seem to give an instant boost to flagging energy. . . .

Betsey, Bunky, & Nini

Well, at last, Betsey's back. And in the most charming surroundings too. ***1.*** At 237 East 53rd Street, it's all cheery and painted yellow outside, and the inside has a sort of haphazard, operating-on-a-shoestring English air about it. And it's just the right new home for designer ***Betsey Johnson.*** Betsey's partners are Paraphernalia alumnae too, ***Nini Latorre*** and ***Bunky Washburn.*** ***2.*** Here the girls in some of Betsey's fit-like-second-skin new clothes. Nini in appliquéd bare midriff sweater, $15. Sexy ankle-length purple jersey skirt, $30. Bunky in sapphire-blue panne velvet floor-dusting polo shirt, $65; and Betsey in skin-tight sweater and pants of pebbly knit, coloured like old rag rugs, $75.

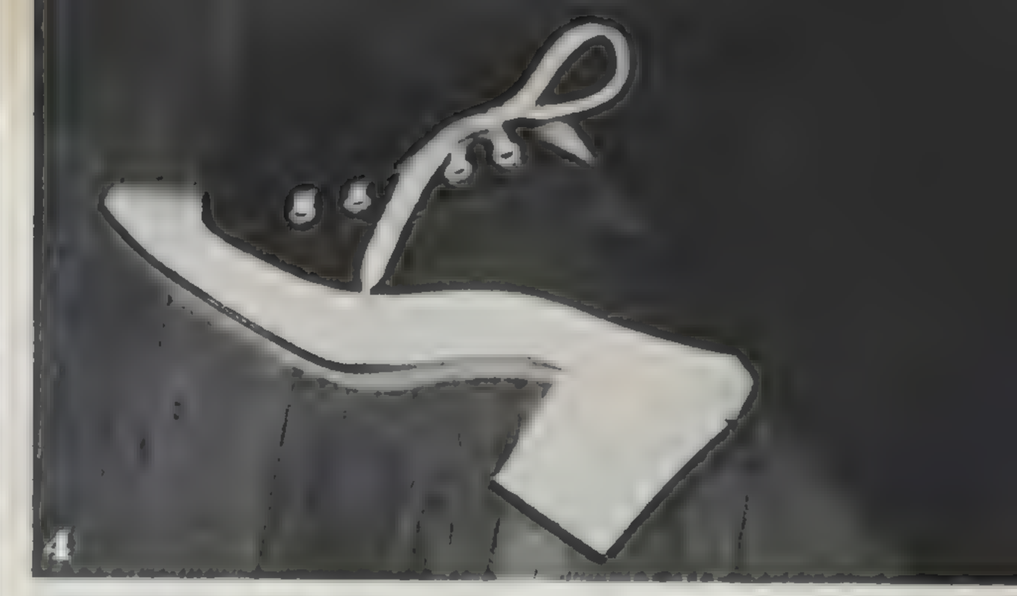


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Betsey's shoe business—after all, if clothes are as simple as sweaters, the fun has to go somewhere—Betsey's high-heeled sneaker, ***4.*** is a hoot—made of purple-and-white canvas. ***3.*** A line-up of Betsey's give-a-boot-to-the-shoe shoes—left to right—cretonne cotton ankle tie; the high-heeled sneaker; red canvas instep strap; yellow canvas lace-em up; crimson silk . . . each about $25. . . .

5. When Betsey decorates a sweater—it's not like any old-fashioned decorated sweater—if you see what we mean. ***Kitty Wilkinson's*** got on Betsey's white ribbed pullover touched up with a couple of red cherries, $30. And a couple of Betsey belts—panne velvet, leather, held with antique clips. $10 each.



Betsey, Bunky, and Nini's boutique has also got some excellent imports (as well as special children's clothes, great sweaters, leather fringed belts and weskits—a good selection of classic panne velvet pants). They get every good Ossie Clarke design they can get. ***Blythe Danner,*** ***6.*** starring in *Butterflies Are Free,* is the perfect type for Ossie's romantic chiffon tunic—all soft and willowy and printed in blue and apricot, $80. . . . Betsey, Bunky, and Nini is at 237 East 53rd Street. . . .



JACK ROBINSON

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

The Snow Gypsies . . . What a change in the looks of the ski people. Everybody likes to dress like a gypsy today—even serious skiiers—to put bits and pieces together—









to look individual, amusing, alluring, sexy. . . . Here, some of the happy, lucky gypsies hanging out at Zermatt. . . .

1. After ski at the Hotel Christiania—panne-velvet jeans, short leather jackets, wide-brimmed hats, Chelsea Antique Market scarfs, patterned shirts—make your own looks. . . . **2.** Snow gypsy Helke, in sheepskin weskit and a snow gypsy's de rigueur pants—cut like blue jeans. . . . **3.** Carole Lawrence covers her flaming red hair with a putty-colour brimmed felt . . . wraps her throat with brown and white patterned scarf. . . . **4.** On the slopes he wears his monks' cloth robe, blue jeans, padré hat, mirror sunglasses—it's a look. . . . **5.** Around the





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7



5

village Antonia wraps herself in scarfs, throws a coat of who-knows-what fur over cuffed tweed pants. . . . **6.** The snow cowboy—he's got on all the ski gypsy status—blue jeans, fringed suède jacket, wide-brimmed hat, neck scarf, patterned shirt—and the new fibre glass *red* ski boots. . . . **7.** Jazz organist Brian Auger in *the* popular coat of Europe—authentic Swedish military sheepskin—with panne-velvet jeans. Wife Ella wears a fur-rug coat from Chelsea Antique Market with *her* velvet jeans. . . . **8.** Baroness Thierry van Zuylen in a scrumptious Afghan coat, scarlet and blue embroidery with white curly lamb. . . . **9.** Gypsy picnic—mint tea, sausages, bread, fruit, a copy of *L'Amour Sensuel* to share —and naturally blue jeans, Tunisian shirts, leather jackets—and long slinky scarfs found at Chelsea Antique Market in London. . . . **10.** During Mardi Gras week, the gypsy skis in padré hat, long skinny print scarf, molting fur coat over corduroy jeans.

More on next page

MARY RUSSELL

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*





4. *Anne Marie Descott* in the best kind of day tailoring—tunic, pants, metal-trimmed coat of brown wool jersey. $254. Miss Dior boutique, 11 bis rue François Ier, as are all the clothes shown here.

5. Brown faux-leather tunic, over white ribbed wool turtleneck—Anne Marie wears them with a lynx hood, knee socks up over the knee—great proportion. Tunic, $84. . . .

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Paris: Dior

From the splendid Miss Dior boutique at 11 bis rue François Ier, the super splendid aspiring actress ***Anne Marie Descott*** makes these choices. **1.** Maxi coat over tunic, pants. Impeccable tailoring, romantic colouring in pearl-grey whipcord. $492. . . .

2. Short, sassy, black velvet dots on black chiffon—delicious foil for Mlle. Descott's divine legs. Dress, $120. . . .

3. Black velvet polka dots and black satin stripes mounted on black chiffon—a long-line tunic over pants. $230. . . .

LORIEUX

Voices

(Continued from page 181)

theories about voice, and the training of it is not, strictly speaking, a science. It is an art based upon scientific principles. Moreover, there are a number of variables involved, since the nervous system and intellect of the student are part of the game. As well as his posture. As well as his breathing.

Mostly, I believe, his breathing.

Few people are aware that a new-born baby almost always breathes correctly. From the moment he is slapped into life, the area of the diaphragm just above the belly begins to operate like a bellows. If you place your hand on this area, you will begin to feel your arm pushed up and down as though by a smooth and subtle piston.

Instead of a desperate SNIFF! for air, the baby has faith in his diaphragm. He knows that breathing *in* need not be effortful. All he need do is breathe *out* and he will automatically breathe in. His mouth and nose are coordinated with his diaphragm and he permits the diaphragm to do the work.

The actual muscle of the diaphragm is a thick, flat business angling across the body. Its proper inflation causes a bellows-like or ballooning action to that part of the flesh we can see. The shoulders are not involved. Nor are the facial muscles. It is all quite steady and peaceful.

For reasons I have never completely understood, though they are surely psychological, the infant misplaces this proper technique after a few seasons. The professional vocalist is retrained to the natural process. Somewhere along the way, what happens to most of us is that we begin to grab at the air with our noses, mouths, and facial muscles and we lose our congenital sense of diaphragmatic rhythm. No muscles in the body are necessary to the production of breath except the diaphragm and the abdominal tissues providing support. Use your shoulders to shrug with and your face to be funny, but *use neither to breathe.*

If you place your hand on your own diaphragm, see, when you inhale, if you can gently push your hand away from your body. If you can, you will have discovered one of the principles of easier breath production. People who practise Yoga often unlock this breathing secret by accident.

Once you gain control over the "bellows" (you may have to suck air quickly through your mouth to get the idea, but do keep your shoulders and eyebrows out of it) allow some sound when you exhale. You will feel the diaphragm contracting as the air is pushed out. When you inhale, let the diaphragm push your hand away and then, as the diaphragm withdraws, hum or buzz or say aaaahhhh.

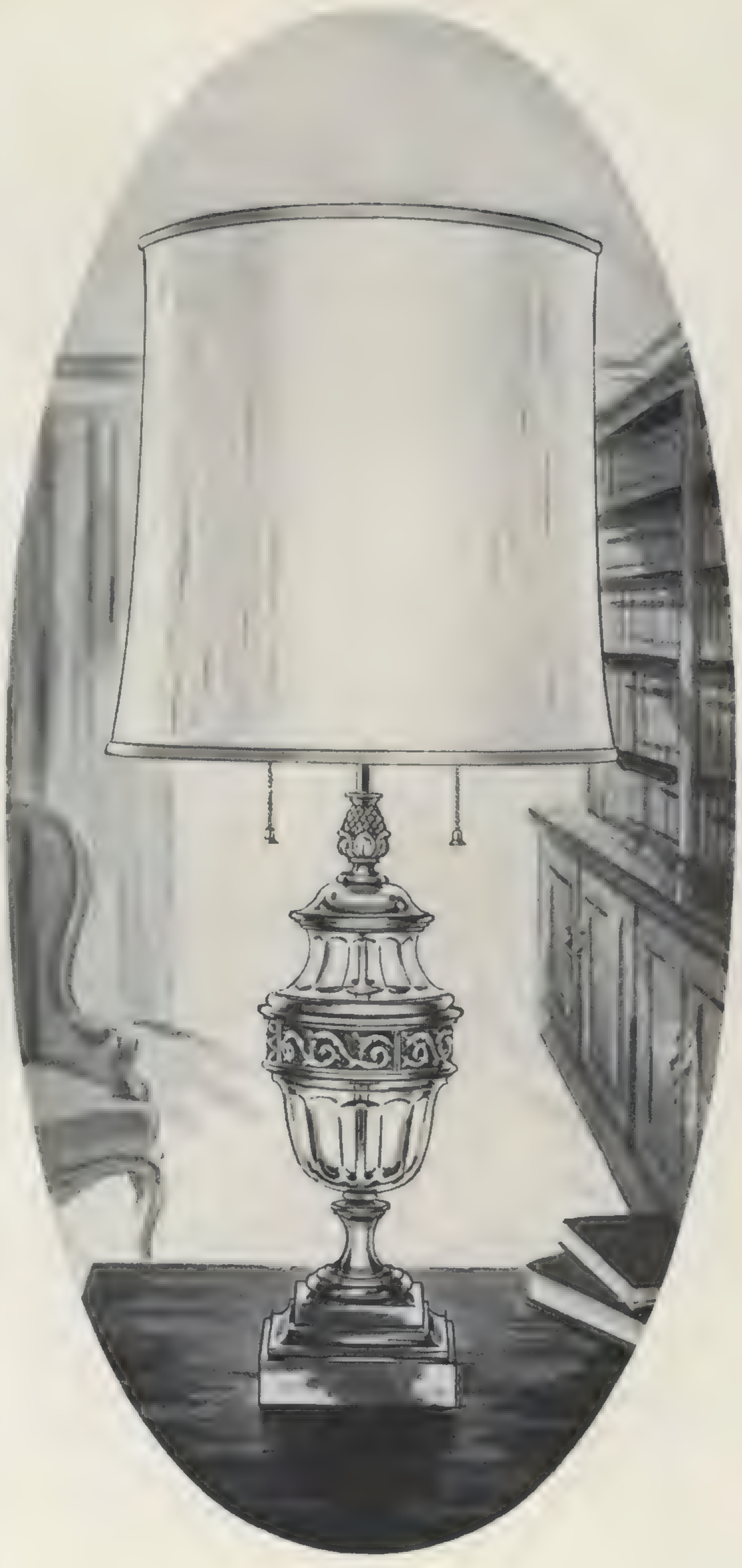
These will be long sounds. If you wish to try a short one, make it oof, arf, ach, or invent your own.

Eventually, you should begin to make any sort of sound with less effort. The breath that is pushed upward by the contracting diaphragm will pass the vocal cords naturally, with less help from kibitzing muscles, and the sound will move towards your lips as though on a conduit of breath.

Don't become frustrated if my happy prediction fails to come true in a hurry. If it does not, you must practise. If you are too impatient to practise, you must forget the whole thing and keep on making the same horrible noises you have always made. But are we not more or less obliged to appreciate the noises we make? To be aware of them, at least. And if we can not abide our particular articulations, then we must change them: slowly and patiently.

What matters finally is not so much whether *I* like your voice, but whether *you* do. That is, whether your voice is a genuine part of the rest of you: a natural outgrowth of your impulse to speak. Mrs. Aristotle Onassis provides an especially poignant example of a voice that does not suit (or did not) her personality. Perhaps the best-educated and certainly the most culture-concerned First Lady in United States history, she spoke in a voice out of a Disney cartoon. Not only was it inappropri-

(Continued on page 224)



Louis Seize influence
with a British Regency connotation.
Hand cut, blown crystal urn
with ornamented metal frieze, metal cap
and finial. Finished in soft,
Regency brass. Height 37½ inches,
about $145.*

The Stiffel Lamp

For brochure of selected Stiffel Lamps,
send 25¢ to The Stiffel Company, Chicago 60610.
*May be higher west and south.



Use every womanly device, but obtain My Treasure, at fine shops and department stores. From TREASURE MASTERS, Boston.

Voices

(Continued from page 223)

ate to her position, it even cast aspersions on her otherwise powerful qualifications. Your voice must meet the needs of your message.

Since we have many messages, we can accommodate many voices and an absolute standard is an absolute bore. Still, there is a lot to be said for modifying a heavily regional accent and for discovering the pleasures of an easily produced voice that can vary in pitch according to meaning and marry the passions of the mind.

It isn't easy, though, so don't feel flummoxed. Even the great have stumbled.

According to his biography, Enrico Caruso, in an effort to outdo even himself, began at one point to sing in his chest voice all the way to the top of his range. This technique produced showering galaxies of high C's that retained thunderous chest vibrations instead of being released to reverberate in the cavities of his head. The effect of such extra-traditional efforts must have been ear shattering, but Caruso's vocal cords eventually rebelled and he sang out a stream of blood onto the stage of the old Metropolitan Opera house in New York. Vocal cords (or folds) are muscles. They grow stronger with use, but they will always respond badly to improper use. In this instance, they even refused to recognize that they dwelt in the larynx of Enrico Caruso.

Although singing is more athletic and demanding than speaking, I believe that similar rules apply to both. Example: When we speak, we incline to land lightly on each vowel and consonant and pass quickly on to the next. But when we sing, we must remain with the pitch for as long as the composer indicates. And, in the case of some singers, a great deal longer.

If you wish to improve your voice, you must do precisely as you would if you wished to improve your tennis, your golf, or your cooking.

Take lessons.

It does not really matter whether you intend to sing or speak in public. You are doing the latter all the time anyway. As for the former, it doesn't even matter if you are tone deaf, and I doubt that anyone truly is. What matters most is your determination to make a better sound and that your instructor be one whose tutelage is grounded in natural law. What you will eventually discover will be neither artificial nor contrived but your own genuinely individual voice. It is also good for your health (one takes in a lot of extra oxygen) and it will automatically improve your posture.

As a brief check list, remember the following: People with light voices are often using less than the full length of their vocal cords. People with squeaky voices invariably are. People with nasal voices are merely forcing their speaking breath through their noses. Only two English-American sounds are meant to travel through the nose: "m" and "n", which is why they are called nasals.

As for clarity of speech, I give you a true-life parable: The late Jules Leventhal was a theatrical producer notorious for his tight fist. As a favour to a prominent backer, he once hired an ingénue for one of his touring companies. He paid her seventy-five dollars a week, a fairly chubby salary for the early 'thirties. The director discovered instantly that the girl could not act her way to the checkroom and proceeded to disregard her. When Leventhal watched a dress rehearsal, he could not hear the girl. He complained to the director.

"Jules, baby," said the director, "forget it. I want the audience to ignore her. She can't act her hat. She stinks."

"Maybe so," said Leventhal, "but for seventy-five dollars a week. I want to *hear* her stink!"

During the early nineteenth century, France's prestigious tragedian, François Talma, was asked the secret of acting.

"There are three," he replied. "The first is voice. The second is voice. And the third is *more* voice!"

I think he was partly right. But rather more importantly, I sometimes wonder if the sounds we make do not contain the secret of a great deal more.

. . . *20, 21, 73*

(Continued from page 175)

Is happiness when you forget to turn on your phone?

It means you're *absorbed.* Is there anything better? Absorbed, and you don't have a worry, a trouble, sickness, money problems. How could you? You're absorbed.

Is misery wondering what to do with yourself?

How's your personality?

Do you work on it?

I worked on mine most of my life, but now I don't have to.

When I was working on it, I began with my name. Ruth Gordon Jones, I was christened. It wasn't only the christening that left me limp, it was mostly my name. The only bright spot was, they almost named me Ethel.

Ethel Jones?

Draw the veil.

I did. And wondered what to do with what they stuck me with. In Wollaston Grammar School third grade I decided to become a breakthrough. "Rythe Jones, October 30, 1904," headed my spelling test. Miss Glavin marked it "Imperfect."

"My mother *wants* me to spell it like that," I lied.

Miss Glavin didn't bother to reprove me. "Sit down, R.U.T.H." she said.

She could have gone to work on *her* name and personality, but I put up with her. She was like everybody. *I* was going to be different.

George Cukor was counselling Kate Hepburn and me. "Try and act as normal as you can," he advised, "and you'll already be too different."

I learned a lot at Wollaston Grammar School. I learned at Quincy High, I learned from George Cukor, but I learned the most from Gene Tunney.

"When you start boxing lessons," he told me, "even before you learn how to put on your boxing gloves, they teach you, *never give up.*" They taught him sparring and running and rabbit punches and right hooks and left hooks and footwork and uppercuts and medium cuts and

don't eat cold-cuts on a hot day. They taught him everything to make him great in the ring, but the big lesson they kept knocking on was *never give up.* It saved Gene Tunney's life. One wintry night he was walking in the woods and crunch went one foot. He had walked onto a frozen pond. Crunch went the other foot. *Never give up.* The ice buckled and broke and Gene went down under. *Never give up.* His head kept coming up under the ice. *Never give up.* He fought the dark and the cold and the black water. *Never give up.* Then his head came up free, he reached out his hand, felt the ground. *Never give up* saved Gene's life and became the keystone of mine. *Never give up,* and even without any talent, you can still make it, because so many people *do* give up. It gets rough and they give up and get married. They lose interest and go into millinery. They inherit money and knock off. They can't get with it, they kill themselves. They don't get the job and go work in a service station or become vice-president of Macy's.

The time to watch it, of course, is when you're young. I *can't* give up, I've got too big an investment. I've been practising *never give up* for fifty-four years. Can I throw that out and kill myself? Or become president of Bonwit Teller?

Thank you, boxers, and watch me! I'll probably make it in the next round.

Never mind what Jackie or Babe are wearing, how about figure it out for yourself? Mrs. Jack Gardner did and do you read the books about her? She didn't care what Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. John Jacob Astor were featuring in the Met's Golden Horseshoe. She took her place in her Boston Opera House box and when the Red Sox had a victory, Mrs. Jack put on her diamond tiara and around it tied a ribbon that read, OH, YOU BOSTON RED SOX!

Can you think of the right thing to do and say at the right moment?

Lillian Gish can.

Her lawyer, Tom Chadbourne, and his partners in the great law firm of Chadbourne, Stanchfield and Levy, came up to break the news to Lillian she'd lost her suit. She owed the government $102,000.

In cash!

In 1930.

In 1930 there wasn't $102,000 in cash.

"What did you say, when they told you?" I gasped.

" 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I have worked hard all my life, and I am *very* tired.' "

Lillian came up with the right word, that's for sure. The word has to be: tiring.

How do you do at a party?

No good, being shy. And no good, looking no good. Today, clothes are priced right for everybody and what rips out that shy feeling is to get an okay from your looking glass, then set off for the Steins, Brissons, Douglases, Bennys, Bloomingdales, Lerners, Cukors, Lazars, Frank McCarthys, or the Gregsons and when Theodore opens the door and Dagny is ready to take your wrap—which you are not so old-fashioned as to wear—you hear Kirk or Gregory or Alan or George or Jack or Alfred or Richard or Frank saying, "Do you look smashing!"

What bracket are you in? Saint Laurent? Dior? Chanel? Ungaro? Valentino? Oscar de La Renta? Givenchy? Cardin? Donald Brooks? Malcolm Starr? Mollie Parnis? Won't-you-come-home Ben Zuckerman? (Never mind about Bill Bailey.) Won't-you-come-home, Ben Z?

If you're a little short on cash, don't forget Belinda on the Strip and curve in Suzie Creamcheese that next weekend up in Vegas. Keep looking, till the price is right. Today between couture and boutique there is something for everybody. Like a grab bag. A grab bag you don't get stung in.

Do *you* do well in a grab bag?

The last one I grabbed was 1902 when Avis Tobey had a lawn party in her back yard to raise money to buy a Sunday School sand map, and to help them I handed Avis my nickel, then grabbed and came up with a square of grey cardboard, a photo of a cat pasted on.

"I don't care if it is for the sand map," said my mother, "it isn't worth the money."

But Dior and de La Renta and Belinda and Suzie Creamcheese *are,* because they get you to the party looking wowy. Or groovy. Or beautiful.

I said to Willie Maugham, "Why do you like society?"

"Their houses are so beautiful, dear. Millicent Sutherland receiving at the head of her stairs was well worth going out for."

Doris Stein doesn't receive at the head of her stairs but at the head of Angelo Drive, looking out over all California among tall pines, fore and aft. They bought the house for $35,000 from Enid Bennett and Fred Niblo in the 'forties. I offered to buy it back at what they paid for it, but Jules said he wouldn't take a million. No wonder people love California. Especially people who knew the Niblos.

At the foot of Angelo, behind bronze gates, the Jack Warners drink their Mountain Valley Water and give parties.

I went to one once. The food was like you imagine, the house was handsome and full of beautiful people.

In one room was a three-leaf clover seat with Hedy Lamarr sitting in one leaf and Janet Gaynor in the second. Wouldn't *you* sit down in the third?

Hedy was complaining about men, love, and emeralds. "When I was married to Mandl, what did he give me for Christmas? Emeralds! He knew I hated emeralds."

Janet and I made sympathetic noises.

"And now George! He loves horses. All he *thinks* about is horses." She looked past me to Janet who knows what to do about everything.

"Hedy," said Janet in her direct, earthenware voice, "Hedy, you've got to *learn.* In love there's always one person *loves,* and one person that's loved. *One* of you has to be the one loves too *much,* and *they're* the ones get stung."

"That's *me*!" said Hedy.

Who do *you* learn from?

During *Rosemary's Baby* everybody said, "Mia must learn a lot from you."

Did she?

I admired her mini-skirt.

(Continued on page 226)



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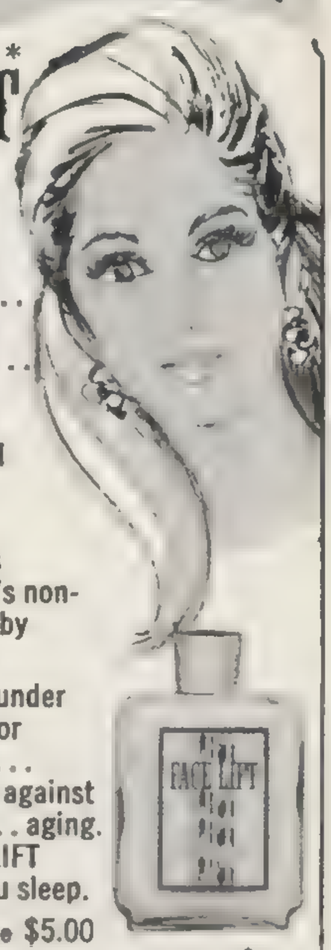
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"It's great on you," I said, "but I'm too short to wear one."

Thought wrinkled up that flower Mia uses for a face until it looked like a yesterday's pansy. "Ruthie," she said, "I think you just use that for an excuse, because *you* don't want to change."

I wish *she'd* been my third-grade teacher. I might now be Rythe Jones.

Everybody's too busy resting. You've got to cut it out. Or cut it down. To feel good, find out what makes you jump up and down.

William James was looking for it, too. "You're out dead on your feet," wrote James, or words to that effect, "and you win the sweepstakes that pays off 100,000,000 tax-free deductible dollars. Wouldn't that rest you more than a nap?" Or words to that effect.

All his life, he was trying to find the equivalent. What's going to make *someone* jump?

A play called *Saturday's Children* did it for Joan Payson.

Joan came to see Humphrey Bogart and me live on $174 a month and still not get uptight over who smoked the most Camels. *Now,* Joan's Mets make her jump. And a lot of the rest of us, too.

In front of Anthony's Pier 4, I wait for George the chauffeur to pull the limo around. Diners are pouring in to Anthony's, diners are trickling out. I feel an arm go round my waist and a shove toward the excursion boat tied alongside Pier 4. Was this what my mother warned me of? Was this some belated White Slaver?

A fine Bostonian looked at me. "Oh, excuse me," he said, "I thought you were my granddaughter."

Why did I tell my age?

"You're different," said Truman Capote, "you've got all that confidence."

And I took the trouble to see that it's built in. In my business they pay people to tear you wide open, so your confidence has to work around the clock or you could get bags under your eyes from crying.

I started building mine in 1910 when the Wollaston Grammar School eighth grade was going to graduate. Mrs. Roberts, who lived in the other half of our house. hand-embroidered the panel, belt, sleeves, and collar of my graduation dress. Her daughter Ellen embroidered the princesse slip to go under it. My mother gave me white kid slippers from Thayer, McNeil and Hodgkins, my sister Clare gave me white Dorothy Dainty hair ribbons from R. H. Stearns, and my father gave me my confidence from the College of Hard Knocks.

"The whole eighth grade is going to march onto the stage, Papa, and I'm going to lead them." I boasted.

"Why Snuggy!" he said proudly, "you got the highest marks?"

"No, I'm the shortest."

"Chosen on account of a deformity," he said. He prized education the more, since *his* ended in the fourth grade.

After dinner at Edie Goetz's we go into the drawing room. There is "The Doctor's House." The Sisleys. The Picassos. The Monet. The Toulouse-Lautrec. And the movie which is *our* business, just as "The Doctor's House" was the business of Cézanne. And the Picassos are Picasso's business. And the Sisleys, Sisley's.

"Nothing more dignified than making money," said Thornton. And in a room with the Picassos and the Sisleys, we admire them and also a lot of *our* pictures, which happen to be moving.

"Move the orchids, Snoogy, it's Cinemascope."

Dear Snoogy.

The Renoirs and the Cézanne and the Monet look on at *Goodbye, Columbus.* Does that make it, or them, less good?

"Good evening, Shorty," Edie tells the operator to start.

Does it hurt if Picasso's "Harlequin" and Degas's "Ballet Girl" look on, too?

"It's death." said Thornton Wilder, "for an actress to have the 'please-like-me' approach. Let the audience come to *you,* don't please-like-me them."

Do I do that?

Not offstage, or I would never say I have the greatest cook.

She is French. And adorable. And been with me since 1934. Shall we say I'm not troubled with that "please-like-me" attitude? If anything will make people turn on you, and some things will, it's to say you have a cook. To say you have a great cook cuts your public in half, and to say you had her since 1934?

Draw the veil.

My great cook received flowers from the Billy Wilders, the Vincente Minnellis, and from the late John Golden, theatre producer, who stepped out into the kitchen during lunch and offered to double her salary.

When I spoke to him about it, he said, "What's money for?" And every May first sent her a cartwheel of lily of the valley.

I don't know how long Rhode Island's Governor Beeckman kept his help, but Howard Sturges told me that one day the Governor walked down to the beach and looked out over the North Atlantic that favours Newport. "Who's swimming out there?" he asked his gardener.

"Mrs. Beeckman's maid, sir."

"Tell her to come out. Mrs. Beeckman wants to go in."

Does our help stay with us because they're welcome to our pool?

In the Ambassador Club at Kennedy Airport I heard, "We don't have any children, so wherever we go, we're not far."

Is that freedom. Or loneliness?

Kitty Hart thought she and Moss should have another baby.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Moss. "Chris and Cathy are growing up, we're only a few years from room service."

Where are the snows of yesteryear?

Some of it is in the upper-deck restaurant on the S.S. "United States." The Firestones had the corner table and laughed hard at something.

Sitting next to us was Newport's Mrs. Forsythe Wicks telling about beautiful Katherine Mackay and the days one walked

a mile across the decks of Newport yachts.

The Firestones laughed again.

"Don't be cheap!" called out Mrs. Forsythe Wicks in the same clear voice that had called across a mile of yacht decks and could still reach the Firestones.

Mrs. Wicks disapproved of a lot of things. "She was an *actress,*" she said disparagingly about someone.

"I'm an actress, Mrs. Wicks."

"I know," she said forgivingly.

Are *you* forgiving?

Thornton Wilder says I am. "In her play *Years Ago,* Ruth forgives her family so beautifully."

What else could I do? There's nothing new in the generation gap. At six I knew my mother wasn't with it, and was careful to tell her only non-essentials.

"Never speak to strangers," she warned me, "and never accept anything from anybody you do not know."

Could *you* follow that advice?

What if I hadn't picked up Thornton Wilder in front of the Booth Theatre? What if I hadn't had my picture taken with Garson Kanin before I ever met him? Advice is like money, it's for those who need it, but you have to know if it's for *you,* and if not, find out what *is.*

"Horses sweat, men perspire, ladies glow," instructed my mother.

She never did a television show. On a television show, horses, men, *and* ladies sweat. What was going to happen to my groovy Christian Dior? I rang up Natalie Wood.

"For television use Mitchum's. But that's for special. For every day, Dry Mist."

Thank God for *Inside Daisy Clover.* When Natalie Wood nodded her pretty head, I was hired and if she'd said no, *who* would be responsible for my groovy Dior dress?

Do *you* face the facts?

Don't. Or you'll get nowhere. If *I* had, I'd never have left Wollaston, Massachusetts, and I'm not knocking that, but how do I know how that would *be?* But by definitely *not* facing the facts, I'm doing O.K.

The facts are, I'm five-foot nothing, I look better now than I did then and in the days when I left home, all actresses were beautiful, tall, and statuesque. Face the facts, my foot! Face *nothing,* especially facts. Work on your built-in confidence and *go!*

I had a cousin Edith. Her last name was Boozer. Could she help it? She fell in love with a guy named Boozer. Could *he* help it? But when Cousin Edith's little girl was born, she *could* help it. She named her Lady.

Lady had lots of beautiful dresses and one day her mother, during spring cleaning, came upon forty she forgot that Lady had. In my family everything was coloured by economy, but forty forgotten dresses gave me something to aim at.

Now I have forty dresses, but my ambition was not to *have* forty, but to forget forty and not miss them.

Is your pelvis dropped?

Pick it up.

George Cukor came back from Peter Glenville's dinner party. "A dazzling lady said, 'Most people age, and their pelvis drops, but Ruth Gordon's is right in place.' She stood up to illustrate. 'When you get old your pelvis'—whatever that is," said George—" 'your pelvis drops, but Ruth Gordon's is right up there,' and she showed what she meant."

Thank you, that's praise indeed, from one whose pelvis is also right up there.

People used to get praised for a well-turned ankle, an hourglass form, *une belle poitrine,* small feet, tapering fingers, and in *Love for Love,* Congreve praised a lady for "the jut of her bum." I'm glad it got round to my pelvis.

I haven't been in the park at night since I was at dramatic school in 1914. I went in with Marian and her beau and a classmate named Oscar Johnson. Even way back then, the park was a dangerous place to go at night. We settled down at a place

(Continued on page 228)

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that looked like a small crumpled castle. It had something to do with the waterworks. My girl friend and her beau did some kissing and hugging, but my classmate never laid a glove on me. Not that I wanted him to, not that I wasn't prepared to wrestle. but not to *have* to wrestle could break your spirit. The park has always been a dangerous place.

Do you know what you like?

I like corn on the cob, pink blotters, brooks that freeze over with the grass sticking up through the ice, David and John Anderson gingham, handwhipped cream, woodbine, West 15th Street, Quincy High School Class of 1914, sealing wax, Atlantic City Boardwalk, money in my purse, Edgartown, ribbon, the east wind, sunflowers, the Côte Basque restaurant, old musical comedies except one, rain, Mia Farrow, lobster salad, peonies, *Merton of the Movies*, sneakers, Polly Bergen's turtle oil, no underwear, La Grenouille restaurant, a full moon, the Number One dressing room, peanut butter, and a large house.

I asked Kate Hepburn if she liked Sam Spiegel.

"Yes," she said.

"Would you want to work for him again?"

"No," she said. "He sent me roses with wired stems."

Do *you* know what to do if you catch your hand in the electric fan?

Olga didn't. And it left her hand with a cut and a bad bruise.

Olga had been a grand lady's maid at the Grand Hotel, Rome, and Mme. René Clair brought her back to Neuilly and to Miremer in St. Tropez to be her personal maid. Olga was flawless and the Neuilly and the St. Tropez households fell in love with her. Especially Frederic Chaix, gardener, boule player, repair man, shopper, and friend for twenty years of M. and Mme. René Clair.

Frederic, a shy man, lost his Tropezien heart to Roman Olga. Olga thought Frederic was nice. And that was that.

The day Olga caught her hand in the electric fan, Frederic put down tools and took off for the mountains back of Grimaud. Four hours later he was back, carrying three flowers wrapped in damp leaves. He put them on Olga's hand and tied a linen handkerchief over them. That evening the pain was gone. The next morning there was no bruise, the cut was healed.

"But Frederic," said Mme. Clair, "you went so far to find the flowers, why did you bring only three?"

"Three would heal her hand."

"But suppose you lost one?"

"Why would I do that?" asked Frederic.

He, also, had built-in confidence.

Anybody who was a friend of Helen Keller and is a friend of Don Rickles must have something to recommend them, even if it isn't the fabulous beauty of Lynn Fontanne.

What did she do to cherish it? I heard she drank tea made of parsnip greens.

I've known her since 1917 and by 1969 I thought I knew her well enough to ask how to make parsnip tea.

She had never heard of it. It was one of those legends, but she said, "When you come to visit us in Genesee Depot, I will tell you all my secrets. All, except two."

If I come home from Genesee looking like Lynn Fontanne, will that be one of Lynn's two secret secrets?

Why did George Cukor say to Kate Hepburn and me, "You'll still be too different"?

Too different for what? She's swinging. So am I. So is he. Too different for *what*, George?

I was staying at Ruth Chatterton's. Nothing was going right for her. Or me. Her love life had gone to hell. Mine too. Her finances had gone down the drain. Mine too. *We* had to call our *agents*. And we weren't getting any younger. But on the surface there was plenty of style.

In a corner cabinet was ruby glass Ruth had sent an expert to England to find. Her drawing room walls were walnut boiseries that would bring pride to a museum. The gleam from the Waterford glass chandelier was welcomed by pretty ladies.

In the morning, her secretary, Rita, knocked on my door. "Ruth would like you to come in."

Looking beautiful in any light, sun, or Waterford, or Welsbach, Ruth sat up in her beautiful, lonely bed, wearing a beautiful bed jacket and on the beautiful counterpane dealt the cards in a chain solitaire game.

I exclaimed over her bed jacket.

"Hitrova," she said and shuffled the cards.

"Rue du Quatre Septembre. Margaret Swope gave me that address. I got one nightgown there."

"Show her mine, Rita."

Rita brought in a dozen Hitrova bed jackets just out of customs.

Ruth dealt the hand, talked, to me or on the phone, got ready for her horseback ride, or her lesson to pilot her rented Stinson, and every morning and evening came a phone call that made me feel in the way. "Oh hello, darling, I'll call you back."

"*Take* it, I'll get out," I whispered.

"No no," she said and hung up.

"Ruth," I said, "give me a nod and I'll go."

"It's not what you think."

"What do I think?"

"You think it's a fella. It isn't. But I know *you*. You'll think it's silly."

"What is it?"

"It's this terrific man. He tells me what's going to happen. He *knows*. He guides my whole life. Two months ago he told me I would hurt myself and I shut my hand in the car door. Now he says I will sign a contract and can go to Seville for the Easter bullfights. It wouldn't hurt *you* to talk to him."

Next evening after dinner, Ruth showed me into her upstairs sitting room. There sat a small, wiry, grey-haired man, in a blue serge suit, white shirt, and a bow tie.

"This is Dr. Harris," said Ruth.

He pointed to a chair.

I sat down facing him. He stared at me and, not knowing what to do, I stared at him. He must have stared at me for five

minutes. "Ruthie," he said at last. "Why don't you be smart?"

That was it.

And I never forgot it. In a tight squeeze I think of Dr. Harris. "Ruthie. why don't you be smart?"

And sometimes. thanks to Ruth and Dr. Harris. I am.

I was born in the part of Quincy called Wollaston. I went to Wollaston Grammar School, I graduated from Quincy High. And in Quincy, life was such, I was given the opportunity to become what I sought to become.

Quincy gave me my opportunity, Boston theatres gave me my inspiration, Boston money earned by my father at 41 Central Wharf bought me a ticket at Boston's South Station to come and tackle New York. On October 30, I was seventy-three. I can't fool you and say eighty-three, but seventy-three or eighty-three, it's just numbers. All I care about it is, I don't want it to stop. It's been awful and great and hair-raising and side-splitting and terrifying and unbelievably groovy, and I wouldn't live over one single day of it, but will I ever hate to see that evenin' sun go down!

Oscar Wilde

(Continued from page 178)

house; that masterpiece of the architect Godwin has recently been disfigured, alas, by a young and very rich couple in 1930 Regency style. The mother of Mrs. Jaqueline Hope-Nicholson had become a celebrated and fashionable painter after Queen Victoria, who had seen her portrait of Oscar's older son, Cyril, commissioned her to do pastel portraits of many of her children. "I hope that now the dear Queen will make me a baronet," Wilde declared to his neighbour, who was also his wife's cousin.

Mrs. Jaqueline Hope-Nicholson kindly permitted me to make use of numerous pages from her mother's journal, *Life Amongst the Troubridges—Journals of a Young Victorian 1873-1884* by Laura Troubridge, before the volume. which she edited, was published. As a young girl, Laura Troubridge had met Oscar at Oxford and had been fascinated by him. Later, she had been surprised when he married her cousin Constance Lloyd—merely surprised, for, extraordinary as it may seem to us, well-brought-up women did not know that the poet fancied boys. To them, the very idea of such an aberration would have defied expression. Furthermore, Oscar. who knew very well how to talk to women. had. in addition to a wife. several mistresses. Still later, the journal records forcefully the degradation of Wilde's character under the impact of success: He becomes boisterous. Although habitually considerate, he no longer listens to what is said to him. His romantic style of dress turns frankly vulgar. When the scandal breaks. the Hopes stand by Constance Wilde, and Mr. Adrian Hope is appointed guardian of the two boys.

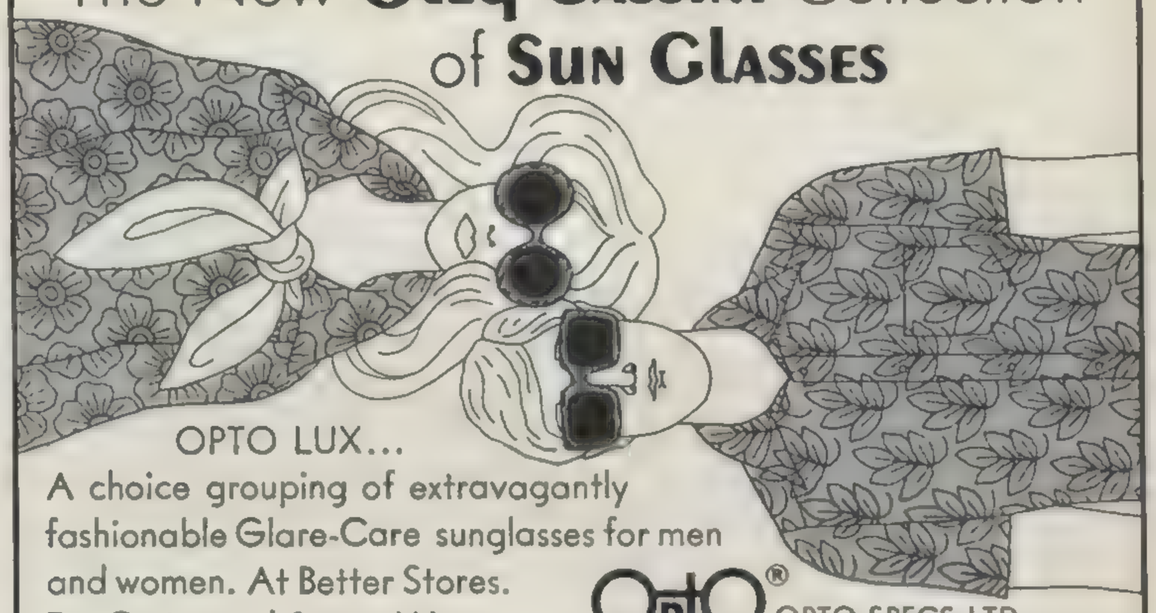
Mrs. Jaqueline Hope-Nicholson's house—More House—has not changed since the 'nineties; it is of brick, neo-Tudor in style, and like Wilde's but much larger. The interior makes one think of a country house—a vast. carved-wood staircase, a drawing room with a huge fireplace, family portraits, imposing cabinets loaded with bric-a-brac and mementos. Not one square inch of wall that is not covered with engravings and with pastels by Mrs. Laura Hope; bookcases everywhere, crammed full: dollhouses: fan collections. There is a conservatory where the palm trees have not been watered for thirty years. The ghost of Canterville could return here and would feel at home.

Tall and heavy in build, with the air of a queen in exile, Mrs. Jaqueline Hope-Nicholson is an authority on the history of costumes. For years, for the benefit of her parish, she had organized the pageant that used to interrupt King's Road traffic.

Mrs. Jaqueline Hope-Nicholson has a son, Felix, who lives exactly like the dandies of the 'nineties. He rises at noon, drops in on an exhibit before taking tea at the home of some noblewoman, and ends his evening at the theatre. Now and then he

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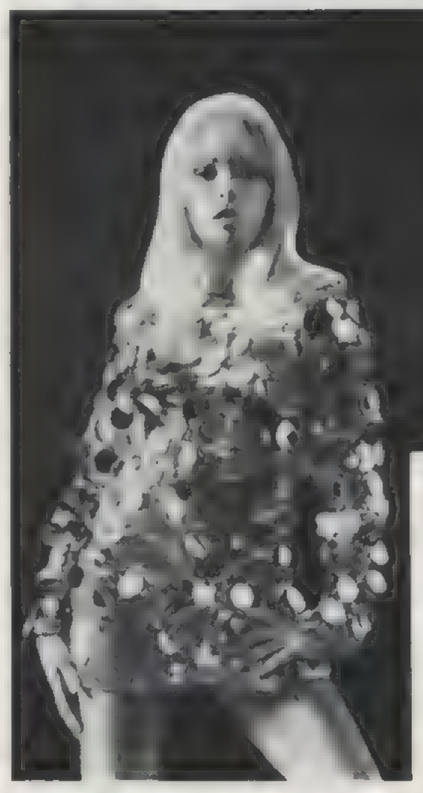
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Oscar Wilde

(Continued from page 229)

gives a tea, at which the conversation echoes the most sparkling nonsense of *The Importance of Being Earnest* and some retired diplomat plays, consciously or not, the rôle of Lady Bracknell. Unmoved in the midst of the democratization of England, not for one instant has Felix Hope-Nicholson entertained the notion that someone of his class might work. He has two sisters; one has married the French painter Jean Hugo; the other, Marie-Jaqueline Lancaster, who is as learned as her mother, has edited a fascinating book on the great dandy of the 'twenties, Brian Howard.

Brian Howard . . . he has provided me with a picture more precious than any document of what the last days of Oscar in Paris must have been. Like the Irishman Wilde, Brian had shone brilliantly at Oxford with those most English of qualities —aristocratic insolence and aesthetic nonchalance. At eighteen, he, too, passed for being a genius. The Sitwells extolled him, but very quickly he came to care only about enjoying himself. He was a hero of *Brideshead Revisited*, as Oscar before him had been the hero of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. And then again he became like Oscar, not after a single scandal but after a lifetime of scandals. In post-war London, this Evelyn Waugh model was painfully out-of-date and solitary, leaving a terribly serious generation dumbfounded by his disabusedly cynical comments and the vestiges of his great elegance. In his unctuous voice, he would use expressions like "Dear boy" and talk of Genet the way Oscar must have spoken of Verlaine, but there was no longer anyone to listen to him.

Brian Howard used to take me on Wildean pilgrimages. In the dirty, devastated London of 1947, it was the ghost of Oscar who led us to the Hotel Cadogan, where the arrest took place; to the music hall in the outskirts where some R.A.F. transvestites were putting on a revue, *Soldiers in Skirts*. The theatre had been painted by Sickert and resembled the one where Dorian Gray went to see the Sybil Vane perform.

Afterwards, we would walk through interminable streets behind the docks, or drop into bars decorated with over-fancy mahogany panelling and bevelled glass mirrors. Brian introduced me to Rules Restaurant, near the Strand, where in the 'nineties actors used to go for supper; the interior was in red and black, with alabaster statuary, and the walls covered with actors' photographs. The unbelievably ancient waiters must have remembered Wilde.

When I was looking for documents to illustrate my book on Wilde, at a Paris collector's I came across a sketch by Matet, a fairly well-known magazine illustrator in the early nineteen hundreds. How Wilde, sitting among the people Proust later dubbed the *truquers*, resembled Brian Howard among the waiters of the Small Sokko. Both knowing that death was near, both having nothing more to expect from life, passed the time in debauchery. When everything is lost, when even the taste for writing is gone, one might as well look for forgetfulness in facile pleasures and hasten death with alcohol.

There is someone still living in Paris who met Wilde in one of those bars where he used to go to meet death by drinking. Don Antonio de Gandarillas, a delightful Chilean who has spent his life between London and Paris, knowing equally Picasso and the Queen of Spain, an intimate of Cocteau and of the Sitwells, could write memoirs that would be a most brilliant portrait of Europe during three-quarters of a century—but he will not write them, for a life of fashion occupies him now as much as it ever has. Antonio de Gandarillas, who has been painted by Sargent, who in St. Petersburg was the guest of Prince Felix Youssoupoff, met Oscar Wilde two months before his death in Le Kalisaya, an American bar of rather ill repute near the Madeleine. Having come with his family to visit the Exposition of 1900, at sixteen Gandarillas eluded his parents' surveillance and took off to discover life in Paris.

The description Tony de Gandarillas gives of Wilde corresponds to the Matet drawing, except that Wilde, he says, was not surrounded by lower-class youths but by hairy characters rather like our hippies—by poets or anarchists. In the course of a few rounds, they emptied the young stranger's pockets, ordering cocktails, which were then just coming into fashion. Wilde, who preferred absinthe in the morning, used to finish off the evening with Manhattans.

Later, Don Antonio was to be very close to the great American actress Mary Anderson, who had known and probably loved Wilde during his trip to the United States. She had commissioned a play from him, *The Duchess of Padua*, and given him a very liberal advance that Oscar frittered away in Paris; then she played in *Vera*, his first play, and a very poor one.

According to my Chilean friend, Mary Anderson had never met anyone so irresistible as Oscar. Very pious, she must have later told her beads a thousand times over for the soul of the sinner. Tony de Gandarillas has other ties with the Chelsea of the 'nineties; until only recently, he owned, on Cheyne Walk, a house decorated with portraits of his entire family that his friend Sargent had painted.

In Paris, you can still meet someone who has met Wilde but who does not remember him pleasantly. Comtesse Gabriel de la Rochefoucauld suggests for us what the Guermantes must have been at the peak of their splendour. She divides her time among Monte Carlo, the Paris Ritz, and her Château de Verteuil, from which came the Unicorn tapestries that now hang in the Cloisters, in New York. Her mother, Princess Alice of Monaco, was a great friend of Oscar, who dedicated one of his stories to her. He admired her because she was very beautiful, very intelligent, and also because she was the niece of one of his favourite poets, Heinrich Heine. When Wilde went to the Côte d'Azur, he was often invited to the palace of Monaco.

Wilde said to the mother of the countess: "I'd like your children to recite me a poem in English." Much intimidated, the children performed. "My dear, they have a positively abominable accent." Their English governess, wild with rage, led them back to the nursery and punished them. It's not surprising that the children called the poet "the big white slug." Another intimate of the palace was that extraordinary character Frank Harris, who considered himself a Casanova. His memoirs swarm with lies, and yet in spirit they are curiously trustworthy.

One of the most amusing women in London, Christabel, Lady Aberconway, remembers having been kissed by Wilde when her nurse was taking her for a stroll in her baby carriage through the streets of Chelsea. "What a beautiful child!" the poet cried, and the baby began to howl when, surrounded by gleaming curls, the great white face with its greedy mouth bent over her.

Yet the magician's kiss marked the one person in whose house we find again the atmosphere of the comedies or of a story such as "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime." It is an eighteenth-century house, masterpieces hang on the walls, the guests number Cabinet Ministers, duchesses, and Sir Kenneth Clark.

Lady Aberconway's tone is dreamy. Now and then a cynical paradox is proffered in a suave voice; hers are the rhythms of a life dedicated to Beauty. Paintings, flowers, and cats abound. The luxury is always effortless. And all this just two steps from Oxford Street creates an oasis in that city of Europe where living conditions are farthest removed from those Lady Windermere knew.

What strikes the contemporary reader as pure fantasy comes true when he is present at a reception at the home of Lady Bonham Carter or at lunch with Mrs. Guy Wyndham. In the latter's house, a ravishing little Re-

gency house in Knightsbridge, the atmosphere still prevails that one once found in the house of her mother, Mrs. Ada Leverson, Wilde's Sphinx and his most faithful friend. Such charming young people as Lady Diana Cooper, and other young and very up-to-date couples, writers, and, of course, the Hope-Nicholsons could welcome the man who is still and always called "dear Oscar" as if they had left him the evening before.

In seventy-five years, life has changed relatively less in Paris than in London. Thus, in two or three great houses (Noailles or Rothschild), one can still find the atmosphere of the Proustian world, and one is overwhelmed by the recollections of all those who met Proust. One Parisian family, the Baignères, survives as a bond between the world of Proust and that of Wilde. Their English grandmother often received Wilde following his first visit to Paris, in 1883. At her house, he met the painter Jacques-Emile Blanche, who painted Blanche, the daughter of Mme. Baignères, on a canvas, "On Reading Oscar Wilde," that expresses the aesthetic atmosphere around 1889. Mlle. Baignères's hand in marriage was successively asked for by three remarkable men: Jacques-Emile Blanche, the novelist Paul Bourget, and Maréchal Louis-Hubert Lyautey. It was at dinner at the Baignères around 1890 that young Marcel Proust met the famous Oscar Wilde.

Here are the consequences of that meeting, as the grandsons of Mme. Baignères relate them: Wilde, who found Proust most agreeable to look at and intelligent, and who had probably also been enchanted by some prodigious compliments, accepted an invitation to dine at Proust's. The evening of the dinner, Proust arrived at the family apartment a few minutes late.

"Has the English gentleman arrived?" he asked the servant.

"Yes, Monsieur, but I had no sooner showed him into the drawing room than he stepped back, asked where the bathroom was, and hasn't come out since."

Much perturbed, Proust flew to the end of the hallway.

"Monsieur Wilde, are you ill?"

Majestic, Wilde issued from the bathroom.

"No, Monsieur Proust, I am not ill, but when I saw the furnishings of the drawing room I had not the strength to remain there. And at the far end of that drawing room, it seemed to me that I glimpsed a family, whereas I believed I was having the pleasure of dining alone with you. Adieu, Monsieur Proust, adieu."

One must not seek Wildean mementos in the Hotel d'Alsace, rue des Beaux-Arts, where the poet died. Almost certainly that is where Oscar Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas would stop today, two steps from St.-Germain-des-Prés and the galleries of rue de Seine. Actually, this modest hotel, purchased by a very personable young man, has become a miniscule palace furnished in Art Nouveau style, with a conservatory for flowers and a clientele of actors and antiquarians, generally American, who must have as their patron saint Oscar the Martyr.

Two steps away, on rue Jacob, in an eighteenth-century house, a ninety-five-year-old American woman keeps the true torch of aestheticism burning. Miss Natalie Barney is the most precious bridge between our period and that earlier milieu so totally dedicated to beauty. Has not she herself been very beautiful and much admired by those Paris has judged beautiful and intelligent?

Miss Barney told us: "In the summer of 1882 I was with my parents in a seaside town—perhaps Newport. I had very long hair and the boys with whom I played on the beach enjoyed pulling it. One day they had the idea of throwing at me some preserved cherries, which got stuck in my ribbons, and I ran away from them crying.

"Suddenly, a very tall gentleman dressed in the most extraordinary way lifted me in his arms and put the urchins to flight with his cane. 'Don't cry,' he said to me, 'I'm going to tell you a wonderful story.' He sat on a bench, put me on his lap, and actually told me a wonderful story . . . which I have completely forgotten. But when at fifteen I read Oscar Wilde's short stories, my artistic vocation was decided."

Natalie Barney insisted on being painted by Carolus-Duran as the Happy Prince. Let us hope that Wilde saw this portrait exhibited at the 1893 Paris Salon. Miss Barney's evocations illuminated the world of Wilde for me in two ways. First, she enabled me to establish the fact that the character of Lord Alfred Douglas was blackened by his rivals for Oscar's affections, especially Robert Ross.

Miss Barney was engaged to Lord Alfred (known as Bosie) for several weeks. In fact, around 1901, with his credit ruined in England, Bosie had decided to look for a rich wife in America, thinking that the prestige of his name would dissipate the scandal linked to it. In this he was mistaken, but then psychological insight had never been the forte of this quite gifted poet.

Miss Barney appeared to be the ideal wife—beautiful, wealthy, and what is more, very intimate with one of the few young women in Wilde's circle, Miss Olive Custance, who was a friend of Beardsley and much smitten with Bosie. Of course, her father, Colonel Custance, would not hear of such a union. Olive suggested that Natalie, Bosie, and she would make a fascinating trio. Natalie seriously considered the idea.

Lord Alfred went to Washington. The young people rode every morning and discussed poetry. But Mr. Barney was no more accommodating than Custance *père*. Lord Alfred returned to England, where he and Olive eloped. They were very unhappy and had a single child. Lord Alfred remained close to Miss Barney, and when she had a salon in Paris, he was a constant visitor there.

(Continued on page 234)

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Oscar Wilde

(Continued from page 231)

"Alas," Miss Barney said, "his beauty passed quickly. Perhaps because of alcohol, his nose began to thicken and turn red, and his blue eyes, which were always very hard, became quite small. None of this went very well with the student manner he affected, but the charm remained. My dear friend, Romaine Brooks [an American who painted excellent portraits], was responsive to it. Alfred always spoke very respectfully of Oscar, and if he did write a book in which he disavowed their relationship, that was under the influence of the priests who converted him to Catholicism."

The other connection between Miss Barney and Wilde was his niece, Dolly, the daughter of the drunkard brother, Willie. Poor Dolly also drank, or rather she took drugs, and then ran up debts, and would spend in one hour the money her friends used to give her to pay those debts. She resembled Oscar when he was young—a long, very white face with regular features that soon grew heavy, and admirable eyes, hands, and voice; she also had a kind of genius for telling stories and, again like Oscar, an irresistible attraction for catastrophe. All the women who have known Dolly speak of her as if they had met her uncle, for over a period of several years his influence was great in the elegant, very cultivated milieu of the feminine aesthetes unable to abide Gertrude Stein.

Miss Barney brought back to life Baroness Deslandes, the lady aesthete par excellence, a woman Wilde admired greatly because she resembled a heroine of one of his stories, "The Soul of the Sinner." Yes, Baroness Deslandes was all anima. Small, with immense eyes, a pale complexion, and very long hair, she resembled Mélisande. Burne-Jones painted her portrait, which I discovered in a Paris collection. She used to receive Wilde in her all-white salon, reclining among furs and sheaves of lilies. Nearby stood a Chinese bronze, a frog with its mouth open, into which she would now and then toss a ring or bracelet made of those bizarrely named stones like sardonyx, beryl, chalcedony. . . . Alas, the spiritual woman does not age well and jewels are expensive.

Baroness Deslandes began her decline with the Wilde scandal. A very lively taste for the young and handsome precipitated her ruin. She nevertheless pretended to be ignorant of all weaknesses of the flesh. Married to a young and handsome man, Prince de Broglie, she went into his bathroom one day and declared, "How much nicer you would be, dear, if you did not have there—below your belly—that thing. *So* ugly. . . ." Thereafter, the Baroness found in the arms of women consolations that men no longer brought her. Miss Barney speaks of her as of an absurd, delicious creature, a kind of feminine Wilde, spending her last sou to buy lilies in December.

Mme. Deslandes, Sarah Bernhardt, and Wilde spoke French in the same way—between their teeth, in a tone of extreme fatigue, with now and then little barks of joy or indignation.

Recollections and atmospheres such as these, and certain interiors—as in the house of Mrs. Hope-Nicholson or Miss Barney—brought me more than any documents. There was something uncanny about Wilde's prestige, and indeed his enemies accused him of being a magician. One or two generations later, the echoes of his sallies and the charm of his presence are still alive in milieux on whose taste he left his mark. Since there he is considered a martyr, any token of him has the status of a relic.

Several collections, the two most important of which are in the United States, preserve his most insignificant papers with a piety that one does not encounter in the case of more important authors. In the course of his brief career, Wilde aroused so much curiosity (hostile or partisan) that Wildean mementos are almost as numerous as those of Byron or Goethe, and one comes across them still in collections that are not literary at all. Thus, in the course of a recent visit to New York, I found two Wildean mementos at the houses of friends.

At the house of Benjamin Sonnenberg, that great house of Edwardian luxury on Gramercy Park, where the mahogany and silver gleam near portraits by Sargent or Degas, every piece of furniture could serve in the set for a Wilde play, quite as authentic as the admirable interiors of Cecil Beaton for *Lady Windermere's Fan*. The red-carpeted staircase, with photographs of literary celebrities—among them, naturally, photos of Oscar and Sarah—recalls Rules Restaurant. There, in one of the bathrooms, I found an unpublished drawing by Greiffenhagen—a precursor of Gibson who painted the same kind of woman—representing a pretty woman fascinated by Oscar's conversation.

At the house of another friend, Joseph Heil, who was one of the first to collect Art Nouveau and who presented The Museum of Modern Art in New York with admirable panels and cups of Tiffany glass, I was shown a ring that had belonged to Wilde. Even if the English dealer had not confirmed as much to Heil, one would have divined its provenance by looking at the transparency of this moonstone, which is engraved after the antique with a representation of Antinoüs—and of Oscar as well, for from his first visit to the Louvre, Wilde had identified with the favourite of Hadrian. The quality of the beauty is Oriental, slightly soft, consecrated to death. The stone, with its mother-of-pearl reflections, is mounted in an interlacing of seaweed—this of gold—and hair—this platinum—and the whole is starred with minute rubies. How Oscar would love to know that his ring is preserved among works of the Art Nouveau he did everything to make fashionable, in an atmosphere of incense and esoteric reverie befitting his magician's nature.

TRANSLATED BY ADRIENNE FOULKE

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